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SIXPENCE.
By Post, 6½d.

Princess Ena of Battenberg. Princess Victoria of Schleswig-Holstein.



THE CHILDREN'S STALL. Prince Leopold of Battenberg. Princess Christian. Prince Maurice of Battenberg. Princess Henry of Battenberg.

PRINCESS CHRISTIAN'S BAZAAR IN AID OF THE WINDSOR CRÈCHE AND THE NATIONAL SOCIETY FOR THE PREVENTION OF CRUELTY TO CHILDREN.

OUR NOTE BOOK.

BY L. F. AUSTIN.

It happens often to the man with parental responsibilities to admonish idle young scapgegraces who bear his name. When they are at home, and fixing them with a stern eye, he begins, "What is this I hear about your behaviour yesterday?" the admonition may be executed with sincerity and force. You have the culprit before you: you see him quake at the expression of your countenance; and the sound of your own indignant voice is a wonderful stimulus to reproof. All the time, of course, you don't like the job in the least. My own experience is a constant misgiving that the boy is thinking, though he does not say it—"It's all very well to make this fuss, but you know you don't mean it. You remember that at my age you were quite as idle. Ha! you don't suppose you can cod me!" I am far from sure that the "coddling" is successful, but I know it costs a tremendous effort. This is what it is to have the historic spirit! In an instant I have in my mind's eye a long procession of my youthful peccadilloes. I recall the time when I was caned regularly every Monday morning. How this savage custom came about the historic spirit does not chronicle. Probably the Saturday half-holiday relaxed the moral fibre, and the intervening Sunday quenched the ardour of study. At all events Monday morning found myself and certain boon companions wholly unacquainted with the day's classics, which were accordingly avenged upon our stinging palms. When I look at my young delinquent now I wonder whether, by some process of heredity, he knows the dark story instinctively, and rejoices in it!

Still, it is comparatively easy to deal with him on the spur of the moment, when, as I have said, the sound of your own voice generates a virtuous rigour. How many emotions owe their being to the resentful, pathetic, playful, or amorous tones of that miraculous organ! It was a mistake of the fabulist to make Narcissus enamoured of his face. He might have been incomparably ugly, and yet his voice would have turned his head. But when your scapgegrace is out of earshot, when he is away in a foreign land playing a scandalous game with his instructors, whose indignation reaches you by post (in company with the school bill)—pleasant "compagnons de voyage!" what then, my fatherly friend? Of course, if you are a relentless image of authority, with only one idea at a time, you may succeed in writing a letter very much to the point. I struggle towards this ideal, putting irrelevant topics to flight, and have got thus far with my admonition: "You are still incorrigible, I hear. Now understand once for all that idleness in my family is the one thing I can never tolerate nor excuse"—when my eye lights upon a paragraph in an evening paper which ruins everything.

There is a boy in England or Wales who, for ten years, has never missed a day at school, nor received any kind of reprimand. Am I to cite this astounding urchin as a model for my own? Ten years a schoolboy and never played truant, never frightened his mother with a sham ailment, never resorted to the hundred and one tricks of inventive boyhood to dodge a disagreeable task, never preferred a story-book to his lessons, never—but why continue the list of virtues, which, as they progress, seem more hateful than crimes? The paragraph goes on to say that the pre-eminence of this marvel is already disputed, for there is a whole family which claims the same distinction for a period of fifty-seven years! Think of nearly three generations of schoolboys without blame! And if one family can boast a scutcheon like this, there may be more competitors. I am prepared to hear of gentlemen who trace an unbroken ancestry back to the Conquest. Some of our most famous men have not been ashamed to own that they were flogged by Dr. Keate. Go further back, and count the statesmen, scholars, and divines who came bruised, if not bleeding, from the Roman rod of Dr. Busby. Hitherto this has been a sort of hereditary title to glory. You must obliterate it now, and inscribe in its stead the roll of prodigies who never provoked a schoolmaster to a frown.

Suppose I were to continue my letter of admonition in this strain: "Idleness in schoolboys (as you will note from the newspaper extract which I enclose) is now unknown in the best families. Birds are sternly disregarded on the way to school, and apples are unheard of in lesson time. I cannot say this was so in my school-days; nor can I offer you my own example in any respect. But you are old enough to understand that the motto of the human race is 'Upwards.' It is expected of a boy (I express myself in simple language) that he shall go one better than his father. So you need not encourage yourself in idleness with the thought that I was just as bad. Remember (I use a familiar illustration) that you are standing on my shoulders, and are therefore nearer to the fruit which

was beyond my reach. (Don't quote this as an excuse for apple-stealing.) Above all, abstain from story-books, which are a grievous waste of time. I have given orders that nothing resembling a tale is to be sent to you even at Christmas, which festival I desire you to spend with the most ungenial puzzles of the French tongue. Thus you may establish a tradition in my family, eclipsing the fifty-seven years of studious boyhood which are now flaunted in the public eye." Do you think this would spur the youngster's ambition? Or would he retort by quoting the strictures of certain classic authors on juvenile prigs? Eminent novelists always applaud breaches of scholastic discipline. One of them wrote an essay "On a Lazy Idle Boy," who was commended because he forgot his lessons and his parents in the enchantment of a frivolous book. "What was the book? Do you suppose it was Livy or the Greek Grammar? No; it was a NOVEL that you were reading, you lazy, not very clean, good-for-nothing, sensible boy!"

I fear this quotation will not please some eminent persons who are not novelists, should they condescend to notice it. There is a very distinguished man who lives at Toronto, where, from time to time, he indites warnings and exhortations to the people of this country. "Novel-reading," writes Mr. Goldwin Smith in the "Speaker," "like play-going, is a luxury, and one of a questionable kind. At least, it seems to me that voracious novel-reading is the intellectual bane of our time, and not less debilitating to the character than it is dissipating to the mind." This is severe; but what says my eminent novelist about novels? "All people with healthy literary appetites love them—almost all women; a vast number of clever, hard-headed men, . . . Judges, bishops, chancellors, mathematicians are notorious novel-readers—as well as young boys and sweet girls, and their kind, tender mothers. Who has not read about Eldon, and how he cried over novels every night when he was not at whist?" Eldon was a crabbed old lawyer with an arbitrary temper; not much sign of the debilitating and dissipating influence of novels in him! Faraday was a monarch of science; yet novel-reading was his chief enjoyment. Darwin could not read novels, it is true; neither could he read Shakspere. Mr. Gladstone consumed enormous masses of current fiction, and commended the authors on post-cards. He read Scott habitually, especially at a political crisis; but it has never been alleged by his opponents that this practice led him to Home Rule. Burke sat up all night to read "Evelina," and if he could revisit us for one publishing season, I doubt whether he would ever go to bed. Bismarck read French novels all his life.

How am I, as a conscientious parent, to keep these facts from the very young? They will come out, like the Monday morning scandal of my early years. The boy it is my duty to rebuke for idling his time with a novel, when he ought to have been sacrificing at the shrine of an irregular verb, will learn sooner or later that my first cold this winter season was caught on Brighton pier, where I sat down in an east wind to read over again a sixpenny copy of "Treasure Island," bought at a bookstall. I sneezed ominously at the point where Jim Hawkins expounds to Israel Hands the theory of ghosts, upon which the pirate observes: "It appears as if killing parties was a waste of time!" Is it only a dissipated mind and a debilitated character that can enjoy this, or will our offspring, like so many of their elders, persist in regarding such humour as a branch of education? Let the head of the family beware lest he come under the judgment of that sense of the incongruous which is so terribly alert in our sophisticated young. He may find it impossible to resist the delightful heroine of Mr. Pett Ridge's "Mord Em'ly"; but let him not pretend officially that a book of this kind is safe only for people of mature age. "It's a bit late, but it can't do him any partic'lar 'arm," remarks Mord Em'ly when she hears that her father, hitherto regarded as irredeemable, has joined the Salvation Army. I should not like the head of the family to have this adapted to his case by some irreverent wit in his household.

Mr. Goldwin Smith complains that novels are provided out of the rates; that is to say, in free libraries. Novel-reading is a luxury, and those who like it ought to pay for it; but picture-seeing is also a luxury, and yet picture-galleries are maintained at the national cost. Does Mr. Goldwin Smith hold that to study Titian and Rembrandt is a public necessity, and that to read "Don Quixote" is not? It will not do to retort that most novels in a free library are far beneath "Don Quixote." Let any art critic loose in the National Gallery, and he will demonstrate that a very considerable part of the collection is rubbish. The truth is that if you provide a public library at all you cannot exclude the masterpieces of fiction; and if many readers demand novels which are not masterpieces, this proves not that free libraries are wrong, but that the human mind is not content with the best.

HOME AND FOREIGN NEWS.

At Windsor, on Nov. 21, her Majesty the Queen received Lord Kitchener of Khartoum. The Duke of Connaught was present with her Majesty. Lord Kitchener was at the Queen's dinner-party, which included the Empress Frederick of Germany, several of the Princes and Princesses of the royal family, the Grand Duke and Duchess Sergius of Russia, and Sir Frank Lascelles, the British Ambassador at Berlin. The Queen gave a concert at Windsor Castle, in the Waterloo Chamber, on Nov. 24. The Marquis and Marchioness of Lansdowne dined there on Friday.

The Duke and Duchess of Connaught left England for Italy on Nov. 24.

The Grand Duke and Duchess Sergius of Russia ended their visit to the Queen on Nov. 23, and left England on the same day.

The Prince of Wales came to London from Sandringham on Nov. 23, but returned on Saturday. The Duke and Duchess of York have been visiting Earl and Countess Howe, in Buckinghamshire, and the Earl of Anchester, in Lincolnshire.

Lord Kitchener went north on Monday to stay with Lord Rosebery at Dalmeny. On Tuesday his Lordship and the Marquis of Dufferin received the degree of LL.D. from the University of Edinburgh, and the freedom of the City of Edinburgh. At the subsequent banquet the Sirdar unfolded his scheme for a Gordon Memorial College at Khartoum.

The Earl of Aberdeen, leaving the office of Governor-General of Canada, landed at Liverpool on Nov. 22, and was entertained by the Lord Mayor of Liverpool with a banquet at the Town Hall.

Political speeches were made on Nov. 23 by Sir Michael Hicks Beach at Edinburgh; Mr. Asquith at Sunderland; and Lord Carrington at the National Liberal Club; Nov. 24 by Lord Rosebery at an Edinburgh City meeting for the Scottish National Memorial of Mr. Gladstone, and by Sir H. Campbell-Bannerman at Stirling; Lord Rosebery also presided on Friday at the Edinburgh Philosophical Institution, where he again spoke of Mr. Gladstone.

The London School Board's financial estimate for the first half of next year requires a rate of sixpence halfpenny in the pound. It is expected that there will be an increase of £150,000 in the expenditure of this year, and of £180,000 increased expenditure next year, which will cause an increase of more than a penny in the pound in the school rate for each year—"a steep and dangerous gradient," as Sir Charles Elliott remarked, "which might well give the Board cause for reflection."

Strong gales of wind, commencing northerly, but turning gradually to a cyclone, prevailed during three days in the middle of last week around the English coasts, with heavy snowfalls in the North of England. The Channel steam-boats, except two from Dover to Calais, were stopped on the Wednesday, and more than one vessel was wrecked, with loss of several lives. The steamer "Fitzjames," from London to Swansea, founded off Beachy Head; nine men were drowned. A German vessel, the "Ernst," was wrecked at the Needles; five lives were lost. The nights were cold, with slight frost, which was succeeded by fog and rain.

The German Emperor and Empress, returning from their visit to Constantinople and Jerusalem, arrived home at Potsdam on Saturday, having travelled by railway from Pola, on the Adriatic, stopping an hour or two at Munich, where they were met by the Prince Regent of Bavaria and the King of Wurtemberg. Their Majesties went on, resting at Baden-Baden on the Thursday night, as guests of the Grand Duke and Grand Duchess of Baden, and next day passing Darmstadt. The Grand Duke and Grand Duchess of Hesse kept their birthday, unveiling an equestrian statue of the late Grand Duke Louis IV., husband of our Princess Alice.

The official celebration at Vienna of the fiftieth year of the reign of the Emperor Francis Joseph of Austria began on Friday, Nov. 25, with loyal addresses from the Reichsrath and from the City Municipality. His Majesty, on account of his recent bereavement, does not take a conspicuous part in these festivities. Disorderly proceedings have taken place in the Hungarian Diet at Buda-Pesth.

France and Italy have concluded a commercial treaty which may ultimately lead to political agreements of European importance.

The French Government has decided to make Noumea, in New Caledonia, its naval headquarters in the South Pacific Ocean.

The Conference of European Government delegates at Rome, on the suppression of Anarchist criminal conspiracies, began its sittings on Nov. 24.

The peace treaty between Spain and the United States of America was definitely settled by their diplomatic Commissioners at Paris on Monday. Spain yields, under formal protest, to the demand of entire cession of the Philippines and neighbouring isles, over a space of one thousand miles from north to south and six hundred from east to west, including the Sulu Islands, near Borneo. America will pay twenty million dollars towards the Spanish Government debt in the Philippines, and will purchase one of the Caroline Islands for a telegraph and coaling station.

Lord Elgin, the Governor-General of India, has arrived at Bhamo, the most northerly frontier town of Burma, after a loyal reception at Mandalay.

ART NOTES.

The exhibition at the Dudley Gallery shows that in its latest phase New English art is nothing if not catholic. It reaches from the blots of Mr. Brabazon's "Venice" (23) to the classic correctness of Mr. Roger Fry's "Villa Garden" (2). Between these two extremes there is room for the display of much ingenuity, perseverance and real talent. Mr. Mark Fisher's "Cherry Blossom" (81) and Mr. W. W. Russell's "Orchard" (50) are very distinct ways of dealing with a mass of tangled foliage, and our sympathies are with the former because of its more decisive treatment of light among the leaves. Mr. J. W. Bottomley (48) and Mr. Bertram Priestman (76) similarly give their respective methods of cattle-painting, leaving the honours pretty equally divided. Mr. George Thomson's "St. Paul's Churchyard" (99) and Mr. Walter Sickert's "Rag Fair" (60), held behind a deserted, half-ruined old church, have also their points of comparison, but still more of contrast. If Mr. Sickert has treated his subject in the vein of Victor Hugo's humour when dealing with the picturesque poverty of French life, he has not forgotten the poetic feeling which the writer could infuse into the treatment of such scenes. Mr. Thomson, on the other hand, in attempting to be too realistic, has lost all true touch with his subject. The bright sunshine on the figures and portico of the north side of the Cathedral is, we hold, absolutely incompatible with the blue sky overhead, and the subjection of the accessories of the scene to the architectural features of the building is only admissible in technical drawing. Mr. Charles Conder's "Golfers" (89) does not strike one as a proof of progression on the part of a painter endowed with a great sense of colour; but given that the ashen grey complexion is true to life, Mr. C. H. Shandon's masterful portrait of Mr. Ricketts (72) is well deserving of the place of honour accorded to it. Professor Fred Brown's "Evening on the Teme" (47), Mr. W. Y. Macgregor's "The Bridge" (57), Mr. F. Forster's "Haycart" (62), and Mr. Bellingham Smith's strangely coloured "Evening at Connemara" (64) are noteworthy among the landscapes; while among figure subjects Miss B. Malcolm's "The Pearl Necklace" (94) and the portrait of Mrs. Hugh Chisholm (107), by Miss S. C. Harrison, are exceptionally interesting and skilful, the modelling of the hand in the latter case being especially good.

Messrs. Dowdeswell deserve full credit for having brought into notice so capable an artist as Mr. Oliver Hall, R.E., of whom one would like to know more. He has the touch as well as the spirit of the true artist, who, although deriving inspiration from Turner, de Wint, and Copley Fielding—painters of very separate aims—maintains his own personality. North Lancashire and Cumberland have been Mr. Hall's principal sketching grounds, and he has brought away from fell and moor vivid impressions of beauty and grandeur. His oil-colours are, on the whole, his most attractive work, for they show not only vigour but boldness. He has the rare gift, moreover, of conveying the idea of distinct form without running into harshness of outline, a talent which Turner in his middle period possessed in the highest degree. In such pictures as "Twilight Among the Cumberland Hills" and "The Duddon Valley" he displays considerable power as a colourist; while in such scenes as "Alton Towers" and "Salta Moss" he shows himself equally in sympathy with the soft haze of the English landscape.

In addition to his work in oils and water colour, Mr. Hall exhibits a number of clever lithographs—very delicate in touch, but very clear in intention—showing what charming results can be obtained by this process in the hands of a thorough artist. The studies from Shrewsbury, Ludlow, and Bridgnorth—three of the most picturesque towns in England—are full of charm as well as reality, far surpassing anything which can be obtained by the most skilful photography; and one can only hope that others, with an equal artistic sense with Mr. Hall, will vindicate the claims of art-lithography as they deserve. Our French neighbours are already recognising this art, and we may fairly hope that its revival in this country may not long be delayed. The recent attempts to do so by artists have been too spasmodic to create a popular taste.

It is rumoured that the "Lady Artists," who for the last forty years have made a very pretty show of water-colours, whilst not excluding oil-pictures from their exhibitions, are anxious to assert themselves more definitely in the latter medium. On every account such a decision would be unfortunate. We recollect how even their modest display of oil-pictures has often been "strengthened" by works which have been previously exhibited elsewhere. From this one can at least draw the obvious conclusion that the society in the past has had recourse to methods which do not show a superabundance of original works. It needs no repeating that the lady artists who show aptitude in oil-painting meet with no disqualification elsewhere because of their sex, and that the chief object of this society is to bring into prominence artists whose work might escape notice in general exhibitions. Moreover, water-colour painting is more especially a lady's accomplishment, and in this branch there is far greater chance for the two sexes to meet on equal terms. We need not stop to discuss the reason for this axiom. It has been admitted for at least a century, and although many women who painted in oil have acquired distinction, a great many more have earned an honourable livelihood by painting in water-colours, and it is for the latter class that the Society of "Women" Artists (as they will in future be called) primarily exists.

Of the three exhibitions at the Fine Art Society's Galleries, that of Mr. Rupert Bunny's oil-drawings is certainly the most novel and the most interesting. The subjects of his eighteen works are allegorical or ideal figures, which in themselves have no special importance, although they are well drawn and finely coloured. The interest arises from the method of their production.—They have been painted in oils on copper, presumably reversed, and then printed in the actual colours. Only one impression can be taken, and a very considerable element of chance enters

into the result. One can only ask, Is it useful or advantageous to make the production of works of art a *tour de force*? Mr. Bunny has qualities as a painter to attract attention without resorting to such methods.

Mr. Charles Green's water-colours barely fill the smaller gallery of the Fine Art Society, even with the aid of numerous repetitions of the same picture and studies which were subsequently worked into his larger compositions. He was a painstaking artist, and had he been less incessant with his brush and pencil, he might have achieved a higher place in art. He will be best known by his sympathetic renderings of episodes from Dickens's works.

Mr. Alfred East has no difficulty in filling the large gallery with a hundred water-colours of all sizes and of all countries, and of an equally level merit throughout. In fact, Mr. East's fluency in treating all countries of the Eastern and Western Hemispheres is, after a while, somewhat irritating. It is impossible not to recognise his cleverness and his industry, but his art does not lend itself to a "one-man" show, not that it is in any degree monotonous, but because it is so uniformly correct.

Prince George of Greece is High Commissioner of Crete at last. The four Powers by whose authority he is to rule for a period of three years—a sort of first-mentioned term of probation—stipulate that he should recognise the Sultan's suzerainty and protect the Turkish flag (against the Duke of Westminster even!) which is to float on one fortified place in the island. In other ways the provisions made by the four Powers, as communicated to the King of Greece and to Prince George in Athens last Saturday, will be read with approval by nearly everybody at home; for the Cretans are to have an autonomous system of administration, religious freedom is to be guaranteed, and there is to be a well-organised system of police. Moreover, each of the four Powers will lend a million francs as working capital to the island. With money, a man, and a host of well-wishers, Crete seems likely to make a new record. It remains for Prince George to show what mettle he is of. He has already shown that he possesses dash and intrepidity, and doubtless the more solid qualities of strength and restraint, which will enable him to play his difficult part, will not be wanting.

Although we have heard much of late concerning the English-American passenger service, and the huge dimensions of some of the boats, it may not be generally known that the *smallest* Atlantic liner is an English boat, the *ss. Brooklyn City* (Captain George Watkins), belonging to the "Bristol City Line" of steamers. Compared with the mail-boats, she looks a mere toy. Her length is 260 ft., and her engines 177-horse power; whereas the *Campania* is 600 ft. in length, and her horse-power 28,000. Yet the *Brooklyn City* has already crossed to New York and back over 230 times, and has weathered some of the worst gales.

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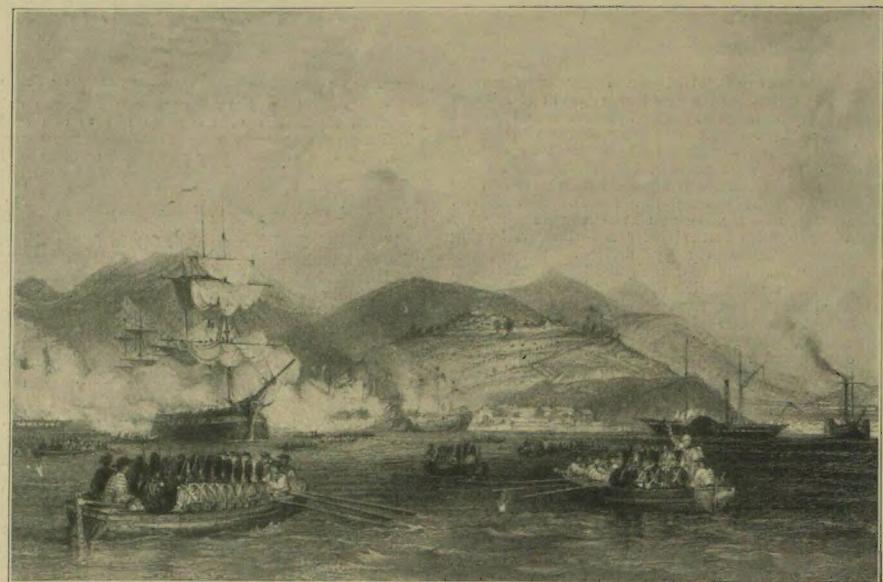
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CHINA AND THE CHUSAN ISLETS.

It has been predicted by some optimists, within the last few days, that the arrival of M. de Giers at Peking, as the newly appointed Russian Minister to China, will be followed by a relaxation of the diplomatic conflict at that Court between Russian and British influence. But nobody seems exactly to know who is the imperial personage—whether the invalid young Emperor, or the energetic and commanding Empress-Dowager—to whom, as *de facto* ruler, if not Sovereign, an Ambassador must look for Government concessions in the interest of his own country. The reign, and even the life, of his Majesty Kwang Su, at the age of twenty-seven, would appear to be so precarious that more political expectations may be directed towards the increasing power of the elderly lady—just sixty-four is the Dowager Tzu Hsi, who was mother of the late Emperor Tung Chi, the present Emperor's cousin. However that may be, or whatever may come of it, there is an apparent pause or lull for the moment in the storm of foreign demands, contentions, denials, evasions, and official intrigues which has been raging for some months past at Peking. At the request of the British and other European Embassies, who apprehended some molestation of foreign residents in that city, a rather unruly body of Tung-su irregular troops has been removed to a distant post, and it is considered that the peace of Peking will be safer without them. Proposals of concession for the construction of new railways and the working of mines in the interior provinces seem to be rather in abeyance. Russia is fortifying Port Arthur and Taliens-Wan, and increasing her garrisons on the coast north of the entrance to the Pechili Gulf, while on the opposite coast, from surveys of Wei-Hai-Wei, recently made and brought home this week by Colonel O. Lewis, it would seem that the British position can be rendered an equally important stronghold and naval headquarters station. A rumour has been current at Shanghai, which is denied, however, with an air of semi-official authority, that our Government has also obtained, or is likely to obtain, the cession of the



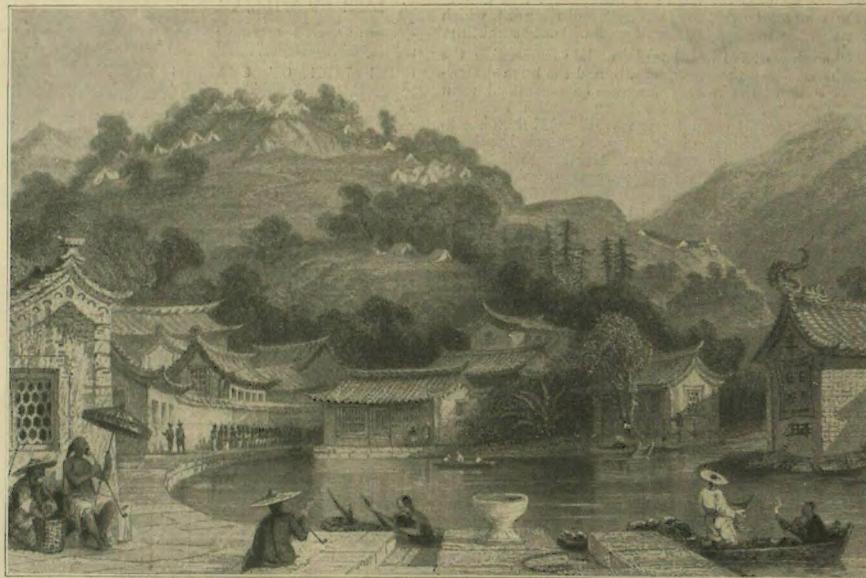
CAPTURE OF TING-HAI, CHUSAN, BY THE BRITISH, IN 1841.

water, and the large power developed by the main engines is not required. Three of the propellers are at the stern of the ship, the fourth is under the bow, and while

support, the water, thus making it a comparatively easy task for the massive steel bow, rigidly built as it is, and backed by the momentum of so heavy a vessel, to crash through the half-supported pack-ice and make a large lane through which the ordinary steamers following close behind the *Ermack* may safely pass.

The campaign which the *Ermack* is destined to carry out has emanated from Admiral Makaroff, of the Russian Navy, who has for a long time past been making an exhaustive study of the problems connected with pelagic ice-breaking, and to the uninitiated appears sufficiently daring.

The winter from November till April will be spent in passing up and down the Baltic as far as Cronstadt, and, if need be, St. Petersburg itself. After the ordinary navigation in these ports is resumed, the *Ermack* will go to Archangel, and be in time to open that port long before the ice would relax its grip if left undisturbed. When this mission is accomplished it will be time for the *Ermack* to go to the most northerly latitudes of her "sphere of influence," the White and Kara Seas. Hitherto a voyage to the famous Yenisei River has been attended with rather more risk than is necessary to make it appeal to the ship-owners of the world as a desirable cruise, owing to the impossibility of predicting whether the Kara Sea will be free of ice or not; and even if the outward voyage was satisfactorily accomplished, the return is just as perilous to the ordinary cargo-steamer. With the *Ermack*, however, these perils vanish, and vessels under her convoy will, it is expected, be able to make three or four voyages every year to the Yenisei in place of the one (and that uncertain) that has hitherto been looked upon as the limit of possibility.



BRITISH ENCAMPMENT AT IRQAO-SHAN, CHUSAN, 1841.

Chusan islets, which are situated on the eastern coast opposite to the mouth of the great river Yangtse-Kiang, and fifty miles from the commercial treaty port of Ning-po. Chusan was actually, during some months of the years 1840 and 1841, the time of our first Chinese War, occupied by the British naval and military forces, but was restored to China by the treaty of peace. It is only in the possible event of general hostilities, which we trust may be avoided, breaking out among the different Powers, whose efforts to thwart and defeat each other, in their common eagerness to gain exclusive advantages, have occasioned such perplexity in Chinese affairs, that the desirability of acquiring Chusan for the sake of its maritime position would probably be again considered.

THE ICE-BREAKING STEAMER
"ERMACK."

The large ice-breaking steamer *Ermack*, which was launched a short time ago by Sir W. G. Armstrong, Whitworth and Co., of Newcastle-on-Tyne, is remarkable for various reasons. She is by far the largest and most powerful ice-breaker that has yet been built, and she has been designed to carry out what may, perhaps, be called a campaign which, up till a very short time ago, was considered to be out of all the realms of possibility.

There are four sets of propelling machinery to be fitted, each driving its own propeller, and besides these main propelling engines there are smaller auxiliaries which will be called upon to rotate the shafts when the *Ermack* is cruising in open

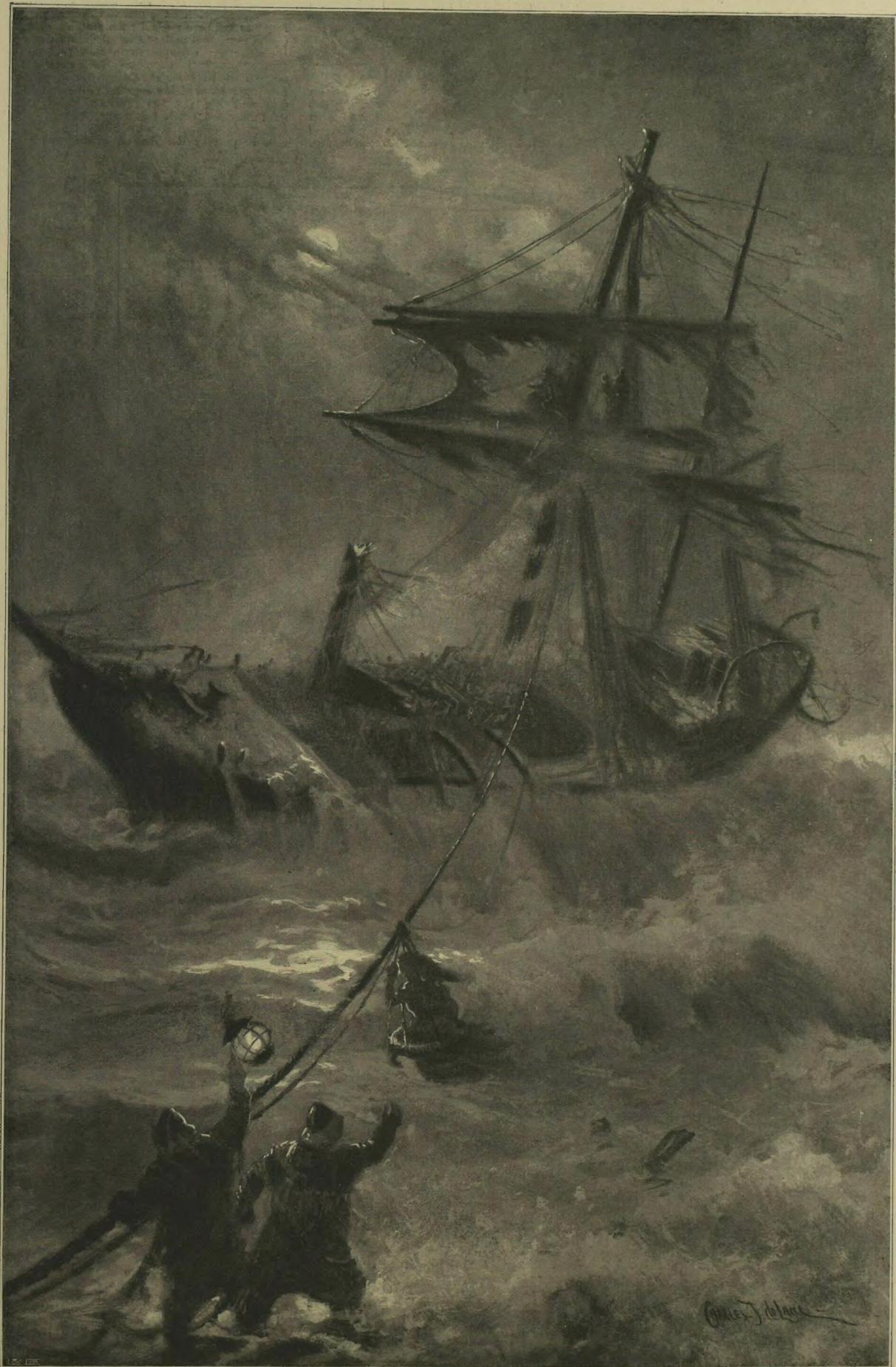
contributing towards the power required for propelling the vessel performs a function almost more important by depriving the ice ahead of the vessel of its natural

It is dangerous to edit a comic paper in Germany. Humour cannot let the Kaiser alone; he is, indeed, a constant stimulus to comic fancy. One paper published a cartoon representing Frederick Barbarossa picking up the Kaiser's helmet in Jerusalem. A prosecution for *lèse-majesté* was at once instituted, and the editor had to fly to Switzerland. An international conference on Anarchism is sitting at Rome. Will the German delegate be instructed to ask his colleagues to declare comic editors to be dangerous Anarchists, and to restrict the right of asylum in Switzerland accordingly?



THE NEW ICE-BREAKING STEAMER "ERMACK."

Photograph by Parry, South Shields.



Charles J. de Lacy

THE ROCKET BRIGADE AT WORK.

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

PRINCESS CHRISTIAN'S BAZAAR, WINDSOR.

On Nov. 29 and 30, a bazaar was held at Windsor by Princess Christian, in aid of the Windsor Crèche and the National Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children. The bazaar, which was held in the Albert Institute, was taken part in by a large number of distinguished people. Princess Christian and Princess Ena of Battenberg presided over the Children's stall, while other distinguished stall-holders were Princess Victoria of Schleswig-Holstein, Lady Edward Spencer Churchill, Baroness Schröder, and many more. An excellent series of entertainments, musical and dramatic, lent attractiveness to the proceedings. There was no inaugural ceremony. It was hoped that her Majesty would have been present on the afternoon of the opening day, but other engagements precluded her attendance. A beautiful floral muff was sent from her acceptance. Princess Henry of Battenberg was present during a considerable portion of the afternoon.

MANOEUVRES
IN INDIA.

During the last week of October some interesting and instructive hill-maneuvres—the first of their kind—took place near Almora and Ranikhet, in the North-West Province. The British troops who go to the hills during the warm weather have hitherto been little exercised in mountain warfare, so an opportunity was taken this year of conducting experimental operations, which have been pronounced a success. The theatre of operations lay between Almora and Ranikhet, and the general idea was that a movable column moves out from Ranikhet against the advance guard of an enemy's force whose strength was unknown, and who was moving to attack that station from the direction of Almora. The movable column, by taking up a series of defensive positions, endeavoured to cover Ranikhet until reinforced from the direction of Bareilly and Naini Tal on the morning of Oct. 28, when they assumed the offensive, driving back the Almora force during the day, on the evening of which the operations ceased and the troops returned to their respective stations. The operations were directed by Brigadier-General A. McCrae Bruce, while the Almora or Eastern Forces were under the command of Colonel C. Pulley, 1-3rd Gurkhas; the Ranikhet or Western Force being directed by Lieutenant-Colonel A. G. Watson, 2nd East Lancashire Regiment. General Jennings and his staff were present throughout the manœuvres. Owing to indisposition General Bruce was unfortunately only able to attend during the last two days. Among the men there was practically no sickness. On the contrary, all looked far fitter than when they started.

ROMNEY'S PORTRAIT OF MRS. ROBINSON.

Smith's engraving of Romney's portrait of the lovely and eccentric Mrs. Robinson, who played Perdita to George the Fourth's Florizel—in Florizel's Regency days—has recently been included in the sale of Mr. Wilson's prints. It is here reproduced. Poor Mrs. Robinson, in spite of her notoriety and the fame which attended her alliance with the Prince Regent, could not have had a particularly merry life. On Garrick's stage she attracted that butterfly Prince, who actually signed a bond for £20,000, to be paid over to her upon his coming of age. Before that day came, however, the royal ardour had cooled, and the bond was never paid. She dared not return to the stage, where her connection with the Prince was too publicly known, and was only saved

from great poverty by the generosity of Fox, who granted her a pension of £500 a year in 1783. She betook herself to literature for some employment, and published quite a quantity of poems and tales, which one fears had but a minor success. The poor lady died crippled and impoverished in a cottage in Surrey before she had passed her fortieth year. A witty biographer speaks of the many admirers who celebrated "her graces which were real, and her talents which were imaginary."

THE ROCKET BRIGADE.

Terrible shipwrecks still continue to be reported from various coasts. From Boston comes the heartrending tale of the loss of the steamer *Portland*, which left Boston on Saturday, Nov. 26, bound for Portland, in the State of Maine. The ill-fated vessel, which was of 2000 tons burden,

officials, and in various munificent local donations, nearly half a million sterling. From Constantinople to Jerusalem, thence to Beirut, the Lebanon, Damascus, and Baalbec, and along the several inland routes, such as that to the Dead Sea, and up the Valley of the Jordan to the Lake of Galilee and to Nazareth, which were left unvisited, immense preparations to receive the German Emperor and Empress had been made by the Sultan's orders, but at the cost of municipal and provincial authorities, or, rather, of the unfortunate taxpayers in that part of the Sultan's dominions. It is computed that, adding to all these matters of local expenditure the cost of the splendid festive reception of the imperial visitors at Constantinople, this visit has put the Turkish State and Court to an outlay not much below one million sterling of our money, supposing it were likely that the bills would ever be paid by the Turkish Exchequer! But all that is no business of the other nations of Europe; and we may be content here to notice almost the last scenes of the German Emperor's Syrian tour, from Nov. 7 to Nov. 10, at Damascus, the most ancient city of Western Asia, and the unveiling of a memorial tablet among the imposing temple ruins of Banbea, which are, though not of extreme antiquity, being a construction of the times of the Roman Empire, a magnificent example of Grecian architecture. The review of a large muster of Arab irregular cavalry at Damascus in presence of the German imperial guests is another subject of the Illustrations which our Special Artist has furnished to the pages of this Journal.

THE RISING IN
SIERRA LEONE.

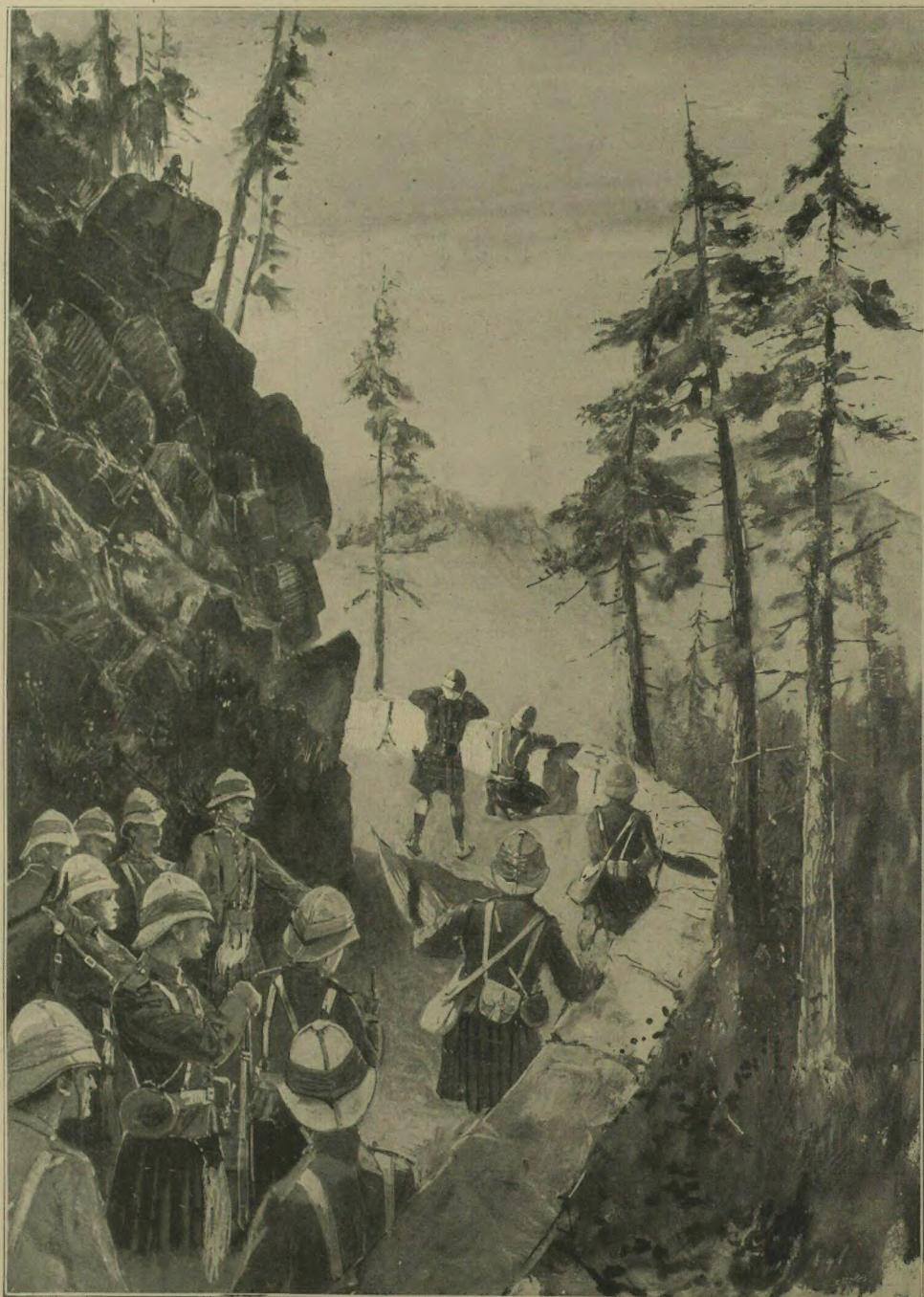
Our sketches from Sierra Leone illustrate various points of interest in connection with the recent rising under Alimami Lahai, a chief on whose capture a price of £50 was set, and who was (with the redoubtable Bey Bureh) one of the chief leaders of the insurrection in the Timini country. He was forced, by the many very narrow escapes he had of being caught by the patrol to surrender himself to the Government. The feeling among his people also led him to surrender. The sketch was taken of him in jail. Bey Nani is a lesser light in the rising, but has helped Bey Bureh considerably with war-boys, and by allowing arms to be got through his own country to the above chief from French territory. He made a statement that he would kill the first white man coming into his territory. His courage was not equal to his boast. He gave himself up, and was lodged in the Karen Jail, where the sketch of him was made.

The people of Karen, who belong to a chief called Brima Oandah, who has been friendly all through the war, though deserted in the middle of it by his people, kept

up a dance for three whole days and nights, in rejoicing over the capture of Alimami Lahai. The dance is performed by the women of the place, and life is made unbearable by the monotonous droning that accompanies the dance all the time. It can be imagined that after three days one gets rather tired of hearing them.

ON THE WAY TO KLONDIKE.

Our readers who have followed our Klondike descriptions will note with particular interest the additional pictures of the difficult route which we publish this week. The views are taken principally near Lake Linderman, where a town is rapidly rising, and where boat-building for the journey is energetically carried on. The rapids between Linderman and Bennett cost the traveller some thrilling moments, and upsets are so common and so humorous that crowds line the banks in the afternoon to see what will befall. The next stage on the road after Linderman is Lake Marsh.



HILL-CAMP MANOEUVRES IN THE NORTH-WEST PROVINCE, INDIA.

From a sketch by Colonel Pulley, Gurkha Rifles.

went ashore on the sands of Truro, Cape Cod. Over one hundred passengers were drowned. Further tales of a great tempest come to us from the American coast, and warnings are circulated that our own shores may very soon again be visited. It is at such moments that we are glad to remember the presence of our brave and highly trained coastguardsmen, who, with their rocket apparatus, render such heroic and self-sacrificing service to mariners in distress.

THE GERMAN EMPEROR IN SYRIA.

The recent tour of the Emperor William and his consort in Palestine and Syria, from which their Majesties arrived safely home on Saturday at Potsdam, is said to have cost, in travelling expenses, special trains, the *Hohenzollern* imperial yacht and her escort of two gun-boats, and in the sumptuous accommodation of a numerous suite, but especially in the valuable gifts to Turkish and other Court

PERSONAL.

Lord Henley, who died at Watford Court on Nov. 27, was the third Baron Henley in the Irish peerage. He sat in the House of Lords as Baron Northington, which title he received in 1855 from Mr. Gladstone. His father was the second Baron, his mother being a daughter of Sir Robert Peel. Lord Henley was educated at Eton and Christ Church, Oxford, and entered Parliament in 1859 as member for Northampton. He sat for that constituency until 1874, when he retired. He was a staunch Liberal until the great secession, when he joined the Unionist party. In County Council work he took a warm interest. His Lordship was seventy-three years of age.

The late Lady Connemara, who died on Nov. 23, was the second wife of the present Baron Connemara. At the time of her marriage to Lord Connemara she was the widow of the late Mr. Edward Coleman, of Stoke Park. She was the daughter of Mr. James Thomas Walsh, J.P., D.L. She was married to Lord Connemara in 1894.

A well-known woman writer has passed away in Mrs. Haweis, wife of the Rev. H. R. Haweis, of St. James's, Marylebone. Mrs. Haweis died at Bath last week; and her remains were, by her own desire, cremated at Woking on Nov. 26. She was the daughter of the late T. M. Joy, the artist, and herself practised the limner's art, having exhibited at the Royal Academy at the age of sixteen. Among Mrs. Haweis's best-known books are "The Art of Beauty," "The Art of Dress," and "The Art of Decoration." She also published "Chaucer for Children,"

The late Lieutenant A. R. Armstrong, whose death occurred at Secunderabad on Nov. 1, is deeply regretted by his regiment and by a large circle of friends. He was only twenty-five years of age, and was a very promising officer. In 1892 he entered the 19th Hussars as Second Lieutenant, joining his regiment in India, where he has seen all his brief service. He was over six feet in height, athletic, and a keen sportsman. Mr. Armstrong was the youngest son of Sir George Armstrong, Bart., proprietor of the *Globe* and part-proprietor of the *People*. Death was due to fever, followed by enteritis. The deepest sympathy is felt with Sir George Armstrong and family in their sad bereavement.

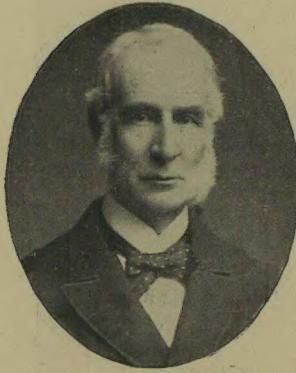
Major J. W. M. Wood, who has been appointed Provost-Marshal at Aldershot, is forty-three years of age. His regiment is the 1st (Royal) Dragoons, of which he has been Quartermaster at Hounslow since May 1895. He became Captain in June 1894, and Major in the present year. His excellent knowledge of discipline, tact, and soldierly qualifications fit him admirably for the responsible position to which he has been called.

Mr. Rowland Hill Blades, brother of the late William Blades, the Caxton scholar, who died recently at Brighton in his seventy-third year, was senior partner in the firm of Messrs. Blades, East, and Blades. Like his brother, he took a great interest in the origin and history of printing in England, and at the time of his last illness was preparing for the press the materials which he had collected for a new edition of his work, "Who was Caxton?" He was a fellow of several of the scientific and literary societies, and

The Government have refused to interfere with the court-martial, but they have intimated that if the Court de Cassation asks for the *petit bleu*, which is an essential document in the Dreyfus inquiry, it will be given up to them. This procedure would compel the court-martial to wait for the decision of the Supreme Court; and as the court is certain to find the *petit bleu* genuine, any attempt to make it out a forgery would end in ridicule. The debate in the Chamber was remarkable for the speech of M. Poincaré, a member of the Cabinet in 1894, who stated that the Cabinet knew no evidence against Dreyfus except the *bordereau*, now known to be the work of Esterhazy.

The Committee of the Carlton Club has intimated to the Official Receiver, Mr. Brougham, that the club desires to return the sum of £10,000 paid by Mr. Hooley to the party funds when he was elected at the Carlton. The sum paid by Mr. Hooley for the Communion plate he presented to St. Paul's has already been refunded.

An English diplomatist, whose name is not given, is said to have had a series of interviews with the Czar, who expressed himself with great freedom on the relations between England and Russia. The tone of these communications was most pacific. As to his proposal for the suspension of armaments, his Majesty explained that he thought an agreement not to increase existing armaments for five years was a feasible preliminary. He also unfolded a scheme of arbitration, taking the Fashoda question as a test. America acting for England, and Russia for France, might have discussed the question, and if unable to agree might have referred it to the Emperor Francis



Photograph by Bassano.
THE LATE LORD HENLEY.



Photograph by J. Thomson.
THE LATE LADY CONNEMARA.



Photograph by Elliott and Fry.
THE LATE MRS. HWEIS.



Photograph by A. J. Metherell.
THE LATE DR. G. J. ALLMAN.



Photograph by Barton, Bangalore.
THE LATE LIEUTENANT A. R. ARMSTRONG,
19th Hussars.



Photograph by Wyndall, Aldershot.
MAJOR J. W. M. WOOD,
New Provost-Marshal at Aldershot.



Photograph by York House Studio.
THE REV. FATHER BRINDLE.



Photograph by Mayall and Newman.
THE LATE MR. ROWLAND HILL BLADES.

and edited the same poet for schools. Last year she published a novel, entitled "A Flame of Fire." She was her husband's companion in many of his foreign travels, and illustrated some of his books.

Professor George James Allman, who formerly occupied the Chair of Natural History in Edinburgh University, died at Ardmore, Dorset, on Nov. 24. Dr. Allman was a native of Cork, and was educated at Belfast and Dublin. He graduated at Trinity College in Arts and Medicine, and in the same year was appointed Professor of Botany in the University. In 1855 he was appointed Regius Professor of Natural History and Keeper of the Natural History Museum in the University of Edinburgh. He became celebrated for his investigations of the lower forms of animal life, and made valuable contributions to our knowledge of the Polypozoa and Hydrozoa. In 1870 he resigned his Edinburgh professorship. Dr. Allman was eighty-six years of age.

The Rev. Father Brindle, who accompanied the forces to Omdurman as Roman Catholic chaplain, is one of the most popular and devoted chaplains in the Army. The story of how he walked ten miles and back across the desert to convey the consolations of religion to a dying soldier after Omdurman is still fresh in the public mind. Father Brindle, it will also be remembered, took part with the chaplains of other denominations in conducting the memorial service to Gordon held at Khartoum the Sunday following the re-conquest. The Rev. R. Brindle is a chaplain of the first class, and takes rank as a colonel. He took part in the Egyptian War of 1882-84, for which he holds the medal and bronze star. For the Soudan Campaigns he has been decorated with medal and clasp, and has been many times mentioned in despatches. He is sixty-one years of age.

took the deepest interest in all that concerned the welfare of the Church of England, besides being a liberal supporter of numerous philanthropic objects.

Hopes are entertained in America that the Prince of Wales may be induced to visit that country next year. It is very doubtful whether the Prince would undertake such a journey, and it is suggested that the Duke of York might go instead. On the other hand, such a visit would inevitably assume a political character of the highest importance, and it is too soon to say whether the nature of the political relations between Great Britain and the United States would justify this step.

The German Emperor appears to have made terms with the Regent of Lippe-Detmold. Although it is the smallest principality in Germany (the capital contains eleven thousand inhabitants), Lippe-Detmold has given a shock to the whole empire. The Kaiser wanted to change the reigning family of what is constitutionally a sovereign State, as independent as Prussia. The point was referred to the King of Saxony, who decided against the Emperor. William II. gave forcible expression to his annoyance, and the Regent of Lippe-Detmold appealed to the Federal Council of the Empire against what he regarded as arbitrary interference. German public opinion took the same side, and the Kaiser is understood to have given in.

The prosecution of Colonel Picquart has produced a remarkable change of popular sentiment in France. Petitions against the court-martial are being signed by thousands of citizens in Paris. The arbitrary conduct of General Zurlinden is condemned even by people who are hostile to Dreyfus. Nobody believes Colonel Picquart capable of forgery, and the authenticity of the *petit bleu*, which he is accused of manipulating, is well established.

Joseph. The answer to this is that no English Government could have consented to arbitration on a point of such vital importance to British interests. Moreover, the case was so clear that the French claim could not even be discussed. No Englishman would have dreamed of asking the Emperor Francis Joseph to decide whether Major Marchand should be allowed to stay at Fashoda.

Mr. W. G. Prothero, who succeeds his brother, Mr. Rowland Prothero, as editor of the *Quarterly Review*, has occupied the chair of Modern History in the University of Edinburgh since July 1894. Educated at Eton and King's College, Cambridge, Mr. Prothero, in 1869, obtained a Bell Scholarship in classics, mathematics, and divinity; in 1872 he graduated in the first-class Classical Tripos, and was soon afterwards elected to a fellowship in his college. On obtaining his B.A. degree he became an assistant master at Eton, remaining there for a year and a half. Subsequently he spent a twelvemonth at the University of Bonn, and then returned to Cambridge. In 1884 Mr. Prothero was appointed a University Lecturer in History, and in 1894 was elected Birkbeck Lecturer in Ecclesiastical History at Trinity College. During the past twenty years the new editor of the *Quarterly* has published several noteworthy works, including the "Life and Times of Simon de Montfort," "Select Statutes and Other Documents Illustrative of the Reigns of Elizabeth and James I.," and a translation of the first volume of Ranke's "Weltgeschichte." He is the writer of several articles in the "Encyclopaedia Britannica," and has contributed to the "Historical Review." Mr. Prothero will, it is understood, resign his professoriate in the Northern University, and also, in all likelihood, the editorship, which he has held for some years, of the Modern Historical Series of the Cambridge University Press.



MRS. ROBINSON.—FROM THE PAINTING BY ROMNEY.

The Engraving by J. R. Smith (1781), here reproduced, was recently sold for £250 at the sale of the Rev. J. Wilson's prints.



CHAPTER XXI.

THE THIRTY-FIRST OF OCTOBER.

All through Sunday Hildé sat at her window looking out over the grey landscape beyond the fortifications. Few of the forts were firing; at long intervals the majestic reverberations from Mont Valérien shook the heavy air; the southern forts were mute. At times she fancied that she could hear cannonading in the north, far away toward Le Bourget; but when she held her breath to listen, the beating of her own heart was more audible.

She slept badly that night, dreaming that Harewood was dead, and awoke in an ecstasy of terror calling his name. Yolette came to her and comforted her, curling up close to her in the chilly bed. But she could not sleep, and when at length Yolette lay beside her slumbering with a smile on her lips, Hildé slipped from the bed and climbed the dark stairs to Harewood's empty room. It was something to be in his room; it helped her to look out into the night; for he was somewhere there out in the darkness.

Shivering, she sat down by the window. On the fortifications below, the unwieldy bulk of the Prophet loomed up, tilted skyward, a shapeless monster in its waterproof covering. Rockets were rising slowly from Mont Valérien; in the east the sky lowered, tinged with a sombre lurid light, perhaps the reflection of some hamlet fired by the Prussians burning alone at midnight.

A wet wind blew the curtains back from the open window; her little naked feet were numb with cold. The never-ending desire to see his room, his clothes, his bed again, came over her. She dared not light a candle—it was forbidden to those who lived on the ramparts—so she rose and passed along each wall, touching the objects that had been once worn by him. She knew them already by touch: his grey coat, his riding-jacket, his hats and caps, and whips and spurs. She rearranged the brushes and toilet articles on his bureau; her light touch caressed his books and papers and pens where they lay on the little table. Then she went to the bed and buried her head on the pillows, crying herself to sleep—a sleep full of vague shapes, a restless sleep that stole from her heavy lids at dawn, leaving her to quench the fever in her eyes with tears again.

It was the last day of October. Bourke had gone away to the city before breakfast to verify an ominous rumour concerning Metz published in a single journal of the day before, and vigorously denied by the Official Journal.

Yolette and Red Riding-Hood were in the cellar storing more cases of tinned vegetables and mourning the loss of Schéhérazade, who had been sent, on Saturday, to the Zoological Gardens in the Jardin des Plantes. Bourke had insisted on it; food was becoming alarmingly scarce; there was no fresh meat to be had except horse-meat, and even that was to be rationed in the first week of November.

The lioness had been carted off sorely against her will. She snarled and growled and paced her cage with glowing eyes, in which the last trace of gentleness and affection had been extinguished. Hildé, deep in her own trouble, scarcely heeded this new one. Schéhérazade had been changing in disposition ever since the first cannonading. Sullen, furtive, she haunted the depths of the garden, ignoring Hildé's advances, until Yolette began to fear the creature. And now, when it was necessary to send her away, Hildé said nothing, and Yolette was not sorry. Mehmet Ali, however, screeched his remonstrance, which amused Bourke, because Schéhérazade was the first living thing that the vicious old bird had ever shown any

fondness for. So the lioness was packed off to be fed by the Government, and Bourke improved that opportunity by sending the parrot and the monkey also, which made two mouths the less to feed in case of famine.

Down in the cellar Yolette stood, piling tinned fruit and vegetables against the wall, aided by Red Riding-Hood. At the child's request, Yolette was varying the monotony of their toil by telling a fairy-story. Red

Riding-Hood listened gravely as Yolette continued: "And the Princess waited and waited for her dear Prince, who had gone to fight the Were-wolf. And he did not return."

"I know," said the child, "what you mean."

"What?" asked Yolette absently.

"The Prince is Monsieur Harewood, and the Princess is Mademoiselle Hildé."

"And the Were-wolf?" said Yolette, faintly amused.



The blow failed to reach him because Buckhurst pushed the fellow violently aside.

"The Were-wolf—that is the Prussian army?"

Yolette's face sobered. "The Prussians are very cruel and very fierce, like the Were-wolf," she said. "Come, little one, we must go to the kitchen."

At the top of the cellar-stairs they met Bourke. His serious face changed when he saw Yolette, but his expression had not escaped her. "Breakfast is ready," she said quietly; "I have not yet breakfasted myself. Shall we go in?"

She led the way into the dining-room and closed the door. He put his arms around her and looked into her clear eyes.

"It is bad news?" she said slowly.

"Yes, Yolette."

"Not—not about Monsieur Harewood?"

"No, I hope not."

"Tell me, Cecil."

"Metz has surrendered; Bazaine and his army are prisoners."

Her eyes filled with tears. "What else, Cecil? There is something else."

"Yes, there is. Le Bourget was carried by assault yesterday forenoon."

She sat down by the table, nervously twisting the cloth. He took a chair opposite, resting his chin on his hands. "Jim was there," he said after a silence.

"Then—then he—"

"Yes; he will come back to Paris because the sortie has failed to pierce the German lines."

"He should have come back last night," said Yolette. Bourke nodded silently. "And because he has not yet returned you are worried," continued Yolette. Her hand stole across the table and his own tightened over it.

"He has been delayed, that's all," said Bourke, making an effort to shake off his depression. "We will say nothing to Hildé about it."

"No, not to Hildé," murmured Yolette.

Red Riding-Hood entered with the breakfast. Hildé came in a moment later, and looked anxiously at Bourke. He smiled cheerily, and began to read aloud from the morning paper how Monsieur Thiers, who had been trotting all over Europe to enlist the sympathies of the Great Powers in behalf of France, had just returned from Vienna, and had entered Paris with Bismarck's kind permission. It seems that Monsieur Thiers had sounded England, Russia, Austria, and Italy, and found them in accord with himself that an armistice should suspend hostilities for a while, until a National Assembly could be convened and terms of peace discussed with Bismarck and his sentimental sovereign. Hildé scarcely listened; Yolette nibbled her toast and tried to understand a diplomatic puzzle that needed older brains than hers to solve.

Outside in the street the news-boys were crying: "Extra! Surrender of Bazaine! Fall of Metz! Terrible disaster at Le Bourget! Extra! Full list of the dead and wounded!" Bourke tried to keep Hildé's attention; she smiled at him, and held out a paper that she had already bought and devoured. "If he was at Le Bourget," she said, "he was not hurt. See, here are the names." She kept her eyes on Bourke as he read the long column of dead, wounded, and missing. When he had finished she said: "Will he come back to Paris now?"

"I hope so," said Bourke cheerily; "perhaps the Mouse is with him. Heavens, what a mess Trochu made of it at Le Bourget! It seems that General Bellemare was absent in Paris when the Prussians fell on the village. It's somebody's fault, that's clear—and very safe to say," he added, with an attempt at gaiety that deceived no one.

Red Riding-Hood, who now always held herself straight as an arrow when people spoke of soldiers—for had not her father died in uniform?—said in a clear voice: "If the Prussians are in Le Bourget, are we not in Paris?"

"Good for you!" said Bourke heartily. "Let Metz fall, let Strasbourg tumble down, let Le Bourget blow up! we are in Paris—two young ladies, a young man, and Red Riding-Hood! *Vive la France!*"

They all smiled a little; Bourke went out laughing, quite confident he had dispelled some of the gloom. It was raining again as he buttoned his overcoat up to the throat and hurried away on his daily visit to the War Office.

The streets were filled with people; the Place St. Sulpice was black with a mob shouting and gesticulating. "Down with the Ministry! Resign!" It was impossible to approach the War Office; the Place de l'Hôtel de Ville, the square in front of the Louvre, the gardens of the Luxembourg were swarming with excited crowds, indignant at the Ministry's suggestion of an armistice which they considered preliminary to the surrender of Paris, furious at the news from Metz, and hysterical over the disaster of Le Bourget.

At eight o'clock that morning the Carabiners had marched into Paris spreading the report that Le Bourget had been betrayed to the Prussians, that they had escaped after prodigies of heroism, and that the Government was responsible for everything.

Bourke, hoisting himself upon the railings of the Luxembourg, looked out over the vast throng toward a window, where, hedged in by the bayonets of the Carabiners, Buckhurst sat, pale and impassive, beside Flourens. Mortier had just finished a venomous oration, and Flourens, booted and spurred, had risen and was facing the mob. His handsome face grew red with excitement, his gestures became more violent as the roar of approbation increased. "Vive Flourens! Down with the Government!" The speech was a passionate plea for the Commune, and a pledge that the city would never surrender. "What is this snail Ministry that it should seek peace for us who demand war, war, war? What was its price when Metz was sold, when Le Bourget went up in flames? The time will come when the Government must answer to the Commune, and the day of atonement shall be terrible!"

The uproar was frightful; the Carabiners discharged their rifles into the air and shouted, "Vive la Commune!" A mob of National Guards cheered them vociferously. In the midst of the din Buckhurst rose. Slowly he leaned forward to meet the sea of upturned faces; the drums were silenced, the explosion of rifles ceased, the harsh yells died away. "The Ministers," he said in a low voice, "are at the Hôtel de Ville. The Government must resign; the Commune is proclaimed. Who will follow me to the Hôtel de Ville?"

There came a thundering shout, "Forward!" The throngs surged, swung back, and burst into cheers as the Carabiners, with drums beating and rifles shouldered, wheeled out into the Boulevard St. Michel.

Bourke followed the crowd, now almost entirely composed of National Guards, Mobiles, Francs-tireurs, and swarms of ruffians from Belleville. As they marched they bellowed the *Carmagnole*; the sinister blast of the buglers, the startling crash of drums, the trample and shouting, combined in one hideous pandemonium of deafening sound. As they poured through the Rue de Rivoli and flooded the square of the Hôtel de Ville, Bourke saw General Trochu come out on the marble steps and wave back the leaders, who were already smashing in the iron gate.

Buckhurst ran up the steps and faced the Governor of Paris. There was a sharp exchange of words, a menacing gesture from Buckhurst, and then he pushed the Governor aside. In a moment the yelling pack swarmed into the splendid building. The Ministers fled to the Council Chamber and barricaded the door. Flourens set his Carabiners to guard it. Buckhurst let the mob loose, and the pillage began.

All day long the mob raged through the palace; the National Guards fired their rifles into the masterpieces that adorned ceiling and panel; the Mobiles chopped down the rosewood doors to build fires with. A Carbiner went out and shot an officer's horse; a dozen Belleville creatures cut it up, and a feast began, so nauseating that even Mortier could not endure it and ordered the banqueters off to the Chamber of Mirrors. By nightfall half of the insurgents were lying about helplessly drunk. The rest of the mob had broken down the doors of the Council Chamber and surrounded the Ministers. There they held them prisoners, insulting them, threatening to shoot them, while Flourens, seated aloft on a table, with his arms akimbo, alternatively begged them to resign and promised them death unless they did. The high bald head of Mortier loomed up behind the Speaker's desk; his little diseased eyes, burning with insanity, roamed restlessly over the chamber. Blanqui arrived to gloat over the prisoners; Millière shouted that they must resign, and began to organise a revolutionary government of his own in the midst of howls and cheers. Jules Favre, Garnier-Pagès, Jules Simon, and General Tamisier, the Minister of War, sat crowded into a corner, constantly subjected to outrage and insult, and frequently covered by the levelled rifles of the Carabiners.

To Bourke the situation seemed a nightmare too absurd, too grotesque to credit. The Government of Paris was held prisoner by a mob of anarchists; the city itself was besieged by the enemy. War without, revolution within; what would happen in twenty-four hours, time enough for any one of the thousands of German spies to carry the news to Bismarck?

As he stood there in the shattered hall, half stifled by the vile atmosphere, pushed about and cursed by drunken Carabiners and Belleville ruffians, a thought came to him that if General Trochu had a messenger, something might be done. He looked across at the General, hoping to catch his eye. After a moment, however, he met the gloomy gaze of Jules Favre, and, without a moment's hesitation, stepped up to him. "Quick!" he said; "can I carry any message for you? I am an American correspondent. Don't look at me when you answer."

"There is a battalion of Breton Mobiles at the Napoleon Barracks; they are loyal. The Barracks connect with the Hôtel de Ville by an underground tunnel." Jules Favre spoke in a quiet voice, looking out of the window the while, his back turned to Bourke. The young man heard every word. He dared not answer; but, after lingering a moment, gazing about with pretended curiosity at the wrecked chamber, slowly turned and moved towards the door. As he was passing out somebody touched his sleeve; he looked up. Buckhurst stood beside him. Bourke stepped back. Buckhurst cocked his revolver. All eyes were fixed on the two.

"Where are you going?" asked Buckhurst in his placid voice.

"About my business," replied Bourke steadily. Buckhurst's pale eyes contracted; a spasm twitched the muscles of his jaw; it was his way of laughing. "Get back there," he said, placing the tip of one slim finger on Bourke's breast. "I know you and your friend Harewood."

"And I know you," said Bourke coolly. As he spoke he saw he had made a mistake. If ever a face meant murder, it was Buckhurst's face at that moment. His colourless eyes blazed; his thin lips scarcely parted as he said, "You will know me better presently."

Flourens, standing on a marble table, bent nearer to listen; Mortier's deformed head craned up over his desk with evil eagerness. A Carbiner suddenly struck Bourke with the butt of his rifle full in the chest and sent him reeling back against the wall. General Trochu sprang forward to interpose, Jules Favre tried to force his way to Bourke's side, but the Carabiners thrust them back savagely.

"That man is a Government spy," said Buckhurst. "He has watched us at the Undertakers; now he comes here with secret intelligence for Monsieur Favre."

"It is a mistake," began Jules Favre haughtily, but was sternly silenced by Flourens.

"What do we do with spies?" suggested Buckhurst, looking up at Mortier and raising his revolver significantly. A Carbiner beside him made a lunge with his bayonet at Bourke. The blow failed to reach him because Buckhurst pushed the fellow violently aside. "Don't be too zealous, my friend," he sneered; "it will be more amusing in my way."

Bourke, breathing heavily from the blow on the chest, stood with his back to the wall, glaring at Buckhurst. "You cursed cut-throat," he said, "you ran away from America to save your neck! You're a thief, a forger, a murderer, and a Communist, but you dare not lay your hands on an American citizen in Paris."

"If that young man is an American citizen, be careful!" cried Flourens dramatically.

"I'm responsible for my acts," said Buckhurst, white with fury. "Send for Captain Stauffer and a file of men."

"Captain Stauffer is a German spy," said Bourke. "If there is a Frenchman in this hall he will arrest him for treason."

Mortier, at the word *treason*, began to sniff like a vulture. His hideous long neck, swathed in a dirty red handkerchief, twisted and writhed; his little green eyes were like two points of flame. "If citizen Stauffer is accused he must answer before this tribunal," he said.

Flourens struck his fist on his sword-hilt and shouted: "All accusations shall be answered before me! Bring that prisoner here!"

At that moment Stauffer pushed into the room at the head of a file of Carabiners. The tumult increased as the soldiers cleared a space around Flourens and Buckhurst, and dragged Bourke before the table where Mortier sat, his grotesque head thrust forward, his grey hairy hands gripping the edges of the table. In the midst of the confusion Buckhurst paced up and down, his cold eyes never leaving Bourke, his revolver swinging in one hand. Bourke, a little unnerved, was speaking to Flourens, glancing from time to time at Stauffer, who now recognised him, and honoured him with scowls of hatred.

"Your suspicions are nothing," said Flourens violently. "What evidence have you?"

Bourke was silent.

Buckhurst began to speak again in a measured, passionless voice. "The prisoner charges me with crime; he charges Captain Stauffer with treason. I charge him with being a spy, and this is my evidence: I saw him at the Undertakers, and I saw him a moment ago secretly approach Monsieur Jules Favre, deliver a message, receive one, and attempt to leave the Council Chamber. Let him deny it."

"Do you deny it?" croaked Mortier, clutching the table harder.

Bourke looked at Buckhurst; that look was enough. All his nerve came back to him; the flush that had left his cheeks returned. He drew himself up and turned to Flourens. "That criminal," he said, "is determined on my murder. If you can save me you must speak now." But Flourens walked away without an answer, and Mortier caught Bourke's arm in an iron grip.

"March," said Buckhurst quietly. Mortier passed first with his prisoner; Stauffer followed, heading a file of Carabiners; Buckhurst brought up the rear, with revolver poised.

They had decided to shoot him in the court, but the railings were already torn down and the crowd covered every inch of pavement. To get through with their prisoner was not possible, and, besides, they were doubtful of the temper of the crowd. Mortier said that the safest plan was to shoot him in the underground portion of the palace; Buckhurst agreed, and the procession moved on again. Flight after flight of steps was passed; the roar of the pillaging mob above grew fainter and fainter. Stauffer found lanterns, and they entered that dim system of vaulted chambers and passages that lead to the secret catacombs of the Hôtel de Ville.

There was a vast underground hall, lighted by double rows of lamps and littered with packets of documents, printed forms, and musty papers, hereafter to be sorted and arranged for the archives of the city of Paris. The officials in charge rose in a body, protesting, as Buckhurst and his soldiers entered. "Nonsense," said Buckhurst; "we only want to shoot a man. Don't let us disturb you, gentlemen; pray keep your seats." Then he sat down at one of the long tables, laid his revolver in front of him, motioned to Mortier and Stauffer to withdraw with their men, and beckoned to Bourke to sit in front of him.

Bourke listened to the footsteps of the Carabiners as they retreated into the adjoining chamber; he looked at the officials, who gazed back at him, fascinated by the sight of a condemned man. Even when Buckhurst had begun to speak, Bourke scarcely heard him. The despair of his position, the healthy and natural horror of death, occupied his thoughts. He could not realise that he was about to die; he could not believe it, and when he noticed that Buckhurst was speaking, he listened without understanding. Buckhurst was talking of himself; for now the dominating trait of most criminals was revealed in Buckhurst, the trait of vanity. Keen, shrewd, merciless, daring, he was not above the weakness of vanity, although he was too reticent, too shrewd to exhibit it to any human being who might live to reproach him with his weakness. But now it was different; this man was about to die, if necessary by Buckhurst's own hand. So Buckhurst blabbed and babbled on about his crimes. He eagerly owned to robbery and forgery; he claimed as his own a notorious murder long wrapped in mystery. By degrees he grew confidential, speaking in the easy slang of the period; he became reminiscent, even sentimental, about New York. Then, suddenly changing, his pale eyes gleamed with a ferocity indescribable as he spoke of his prison-days, his jailors, and his hope that their reckoning would come. He boasted of women, of conquests made, of deceptions practised; and at times the spasm which served him for laughter twitched his pallid face.

Once Bourke asked him if he would let him go for money, but the ghastly smile of Buckhurst's face was answer enough. "No," said Buckhurst, "you know too much; you knew too much before, and now you know I'm an infernal fool besides." He rose abruptly and went to the passage where Mortier, Stauffer, and the Carabiners were waiting. The Carabiners had found a wine-bin and were rifling it and cracking the necks of the municipal claret-bottles. They objected to leaving off, and Buckhurst strode into the passage with raised revolver.

In an instant Bourke turned to the clerks who stood grouped behind him, and said hurriedly: "One of you run to the Breton Mobiles in the Napoleon Barracks and bring them by the underground passage. Hurry, or they will murder the Ministers as they are going to murder me!" The men hesitated, then, as Buckhurst's voice was heard in the passage, one of them opened a door behind the table where Bourke was sitting and pointed. Bourke jumped for the door and ran as he had never run in his life. Twice, as he ran between unseen walls holding his arms before him, he fell, but sprang up again and plunged on, his hands before his face. How long he had been running he did not know, when, rounding a corner, he saw light ahead. The floor of the passage became visible, the rough stone walls, the ceiling. Little by little the passage ascended, growing lighter and lighter as he advanced, until he staggered out into a paved court where soldiers were

passing carrying pails and kitchen utensils, and an officer sat on horseback looking on.

He stammered out his tale to the officer, and before he had finished the bugles were sounding the assembly and the brave Bretons came tumbling out on to the parade. In ten minutes they were entering the tunnel; their officers could not hold them back. Bourke, carried away with the onset, held tightly to a lantern that somebody had thrust into his hand, and hurried along with the soldiers, who even wounded each other with their bayonets in their eagerness to be in at the death.

And they were in at the death, for, even as Bourke entered the underground hall, they had a dozen half-drunken Carabiners by the throat. Buckhurst had vanished, so also had Mortier and Stauffer. Bourke led the way to the Council Chamber above; the stairs were stormed, the halls carried by the bayonet. He saw the Mobiles burst into the Chamber, hurl the insurgents out, and beat them with clubbed rifles until they howled for mercy. He saw the pale-faced Ministers withdraw, protected by the bayonets of the Bretons; he witnessed the stampede of Flourens and his cohorts, a flight as ridiculous as it was precipitate.

Outside in the rain an enormous crowd stood and watched the fight in the palace. Night had fallen swiftly, and in the frightful uproar and confusion the insurgents escaped with broken heads, Flourens, Stauffer, Buckhurst, and Mortier among them. But the Bretons had some

forcing a path through the throng to his own door. The flare of petroleum-torches fell red on scores of sombre faces; he saw Yolette near the doorstep, surrounded by half-a-dozen men, some of whom he recognised as neighbours. When Yolette heard Bourke's voice, she took one uncertain step forward; the next moment her white, frightened face was hid on his shoulder.

"What is it?" he said. "Speak to me, Yolette! Don't tremble so—see—you are safe! Nothing can harm you, my darling."

Somebody in the crowd said: "It's her sister. She can't be found."

"Hildé!" gasped Bourke.

The same voice spoke again: "The Carabiners sacked the house. There was nobody there except Mademoiselle Hildé and the little servant."

Yolette trembled violently, and raised her head. "I had gone to the butcher's to have our rations renewed," she said. "When I returned, they—they had done this. I cannot find Hildé."

"I saw them," said a man in a blue blouse. "I heard people say that there was a revolution at the Hôtel de Ville, and that we were to have the Commune. Many of us started for the city—we numbered, perhaps, fifty—when, *sapristi*, the bayonets of the Carabiners filled the street: two companies, Monsieur, with drums and bugles sounding, and their Captain Speyer shouting to us to get back. Then the artillerymen yonder, who were exercising

beckoned to the spokesman, who name was Maillard, and who, in days of plenty, had supplied the street with bread, and then led Yolette into the house, motioning to the man to follow. Yolette sank on the sofa, stunned, unable yet to comprehend the catastrophe. Maillard stood, hat in one hand, holding a petroleum torch in the other, the thick stench of the oil filling the dismantled room. The floor was littered with table-linen, kitchen utensils, and overturned furniture. In every corner lay heaps of curtains, bed-clothes, and towels, tied up for removal when the Carabiners had been interrupted in their work by the news from the Hôtel de Ville.

"Yolette," said Bourke gently, "where is Red Riding-Hood? Was she with Hildé when you left for the butcher's?"

Yolette's pale lips signalled "Yes."

With an effort Bourke spoke again—"Will you stay here quietly with Monsieur Maillard until I come back? I am going to find Hildé, dear. Do not be frightened, I shall go straight to the Governor of Paris, and he will find her for us at once." To Maillard he said—"Get your wife to come and stay here; I may be gone until morning. God knows whether there is authority enough in Paris to-night to punish this outrage; but if there is not, I'll try it alone."

As he passed into the street, not daring to linger, not daring to look at Yolette, he saw Maillard's young wife in the crowd that still waited around the door. "Go in,"



Bourke shot at him as he ran, standing as still and composed as though he were shooting at a target.

hundred or so of the Carabiners prisoners, and now, as other loyal battalions began to arrive, the Ministers left the Hôtel de Ville, where what once threatened to be a brutal massacre had turned into a farce as grotesque as it was unexpected.

Bourke pushed his way out into the crowd. There were no lamps lit in the street; a few of the cavalry, escorting General Ducrot, who had now arrived on the scene, carried torches, but the darkness seemed denser for the few scattered lights, and Bourke was glad of the lantern he still held to guide himself across the bridge and through dusky alleys toward the Boulevard St. Michel. As he stopped at the Café Cardinal to swallow a little brandy, he heard a soldier say that a company of Carabiners under Captain Speyer had sacked a house on the ramparts during the riot at the Hôtel de Ville.

"What house?" said Bourke, pushing through the group that surrounded the soldier.

"I don't know," replied the man; "it was somewhere on the Rue d'Ypres." He added mischievously: "You needn't look so frightened, my friend, unless it was your house. Hey, wait! *Sacré nom d'une pipe!* Take a drink with us, comrade."

But Bourke had already vanished.

CHAPTER XXII.

BOURKE DOES WHAT HE CAN.

It was pitch dark when Bourke reached the Rue d'Ypres, but the red glare of torches lit up the ramparts, and cast lurid reflections across the fronts of the shadowy houses opposite. A constantly increasing crowd of people surrounded his house: he hastened on, pushing, struggling,

with the Prophet, came over the street to see what the Carabiners were doing; but their Captain Speyer waved an order from the Hôtel de Ville. So, Monsieur, there was nothing to do."

The man spoke cautiously, appealing to the crowd to corroborate him. Bourke, his arm around Yolette, who seemed too dazed to understand, listened with a sick fear at his heart, his eyes helplessly roaming through the throng of eager, sympathetic faces that pressed on every side.

The spokesman of the group wiped his face on his sleeve, shrugged, and continued: "Dame, it was soon finished. Speyer went into the house. Somebody said he had a mandate of arrest for you and also for Monsieur Harewood. A Carabiner told me that the Commune was proclaimed, and that your house was to be reserved for the Carabiners' headquarters. He added that you and Monsieur Harewood were known as suspects of the Commune, and that they would catch you sooner or later. Then, Monsieur, they began to bring out your papers and portfolios. These they placed in an ambulance, along with books and clothing and some tins of preserved meat. It was then, for the first time, that I, standing in the crowd behind the row of bayonets, saw Mademoiselle Hildé in the passage, among all those bandits. What happened after that I cannot say, for there came a soldier galloping who cried, 'Treason! We are betrayed at the Hôtel de Ville!' and the Carabiners ran out of the house like rats, this way and that way, until their Captain Speyer shouted for them to charge and drive back the crowd." The man paused and added—"After that, Monsieur, we ran for our lives, and that is all I know."

Bourke cast one glance around the crowd at the door,

he said; "tell Mademoiselle Yolette that her sister will be safe and that she will soon have her again." To the people who looked at him with wistful, kindly eyes he said—"This helpless girl is your neighbour. I leave the house in your keeping; do what you can."

Before he turned into the city he crossed the street to the bomb-proofs, where the officer of the gun-squad met him with an anxious shake of his head. "Not a word, not a word, Monsieur Bourke! I am overwhelmed with this terrible thing. They showed me a forged order from General Trochu; I could only fold my arms and let those brigands search your house. Now they tell me that the Government still exists, that the Commune is routed, that the revolution is ended, I only wish I had known it sooner. And is it true that they carried off Mademoiselle Hildé Chalais?"

"Yes," said Bourke quietly; "it was their Captain Speyer who did that. Monsieur, will you place a sentry at my door? I am going to see the Governor of Paris."

"I will do so at once, Monsieur," said the officer. They saluted each other, and, as Bourke hurried on, he heard the order given, the tramp of a file and the double jar of grounded rifles on the ramparts.

It was midnight when Bourke was ushered into the presence of General Trochu, Governor of Paris; it was one o'clock in the morning when he went out into the street, stunned by the shameful avowal that the Government was without authority in the distracted city, and that the General-in-Chief of the armies of Paris was unable to aid him to rescue Hildé from the insurgent Carabiners. News had arrived that Flourens and his men, retreating from the fiasco at the Hôtel de Ville, had seized and barricaded the church of Ménilmontant; that Belleville was a seething

cauldron of revolution; that the whole quarter was preparing to rise *en masse* and hurl themselves again on the Hôtel de Ville.

During his interview with General Trochu, Bourke saw the stream of staff-officers constantly arriving with bad news from Belleville, and leaving with urgent instructions to General Ducret, commanding the only trustworthy and efficient corps in Paris.

General Trochu, with his head bent on his medalled breast and his hands nervously clasped behind him, accompanied Bourke to the door of his cabinet. "I am sorry, Monsieur, believe me," he said. "I am covered with shame to confess my helplessness at this moment; but I can do nothing yet, absolutely nothing, until the revolt is stamped out. And," he added sadly, "this revolt may cost France dear. Our negotiations with Monsieur Bismarck were going well, but no sooner did he hear of this riot in Paris than he abruptly broke off all negotiations in which we could honourably participate. You see he believes his allies are here in Paris, and that we, once embroiled in the horrors of civil strife, will fall easy victims to the German armies."

"Then," said Bourke despairingly, "the Governor of Paris can offer me no aid in arresting this precious Captain Speyer?"

"It is impossible," said General Trochu, with reddening face lowered in mortification. "I am responsible before God for the defence of this city; I dare not provoke an open conflict with these insurgents under the muzzles of the Prussian guns."

Bourke bowed, and the Governor of Paris returned his salute in silence. Then an orderly conducted him to the street, the great doors closed, and he walked out into the darkness utterly discouraged.

It was not yet dawn when he entered the house on the ramparts. The sentinel saluted him gravely and asked what news there was. At Bourke's answer he shook his fist and swore that the day should come when Belleville would be summoned to a bloody reckoning.

Yolette's terror and grief, when she saw Bourke enter alone, completely unnerved him. The terrible fatigue of the day, the strain, the shock he himself had undergone when Buckhurst arrested him at the Hôtel de Ville, and the constant haunting anxiety about Harewood, tortured him till his aching head seemed ready to burst. He had eaten nothing since breakfast, and was glad of the basin of hot soup and bit of bread that Maillard brought him.

When he had finished, he rose unsteadily and went to the door. Dawn had scarcely begun; a horrible, yellow light crept out of the horizon, dulling the lamps on the bastions, tipping the bronze muzzle of the Prophet, touching the surface of the puddles with sickly reflections. Scarcely knowing what he was about, he stumbled off through the rank, dead grass of the glacis toward the Porte Rouge. The gate was closed, but from the ramparts he looked out over the desolate landscape to the south. And, as he looked, a shaft of flame shot out of the hazy half-light, another, and another, and the hollow booming of cannon filled his ears. The forts of the south were awaking; the game of death had begun again.

He sat down on the crisp, dead grass of the talus, his aching head clasped in his hands. To think of Hildé in the clutches of Speyer and Buckhurst almost drove him mad. He shrank from going back to Yolette; he could not bear to see her grief. He thought of Harewood; how could he face him when he returned? One thing he realised, that he must make an effort to find Hildé at once, whatever happened to the Government in the meantime. The American Minister could not aid him, for there was no responsible authority to apply to in Paris except General Trochu, and Bourke had already seen enough of that official.

Should he go to Belleville? It was not yet full daylight. Perhaps dawn would be the safest time to venture through that quarter; anarchists and kindred ruffians prowl late and sleep late. He rose to his feet and looked out across the dim city. Far away in the north he saw the sombre profile of Montmartre and the heights of the Buttes Chaumont. Before he started, he went back to the house and took a revolver from Harewood's dismantled desk. Then he went noiselessly down the stairs again and hastened out into the city. There was nobody afoot in the streets but himself.

He went by way of the Luxembourg and the Boulevard St. Michel. In the gardens of the Luxembourg he saw lights moving, where Sisters of Mercy were passing among the wounded who lay in the temporary hospital behind the palace. As he passed the river, the gun-boats, one by one, with their battle-lanterns set, swung noiselessly below at their moorings, sinister, shadowy bulk on the dark tide. He noticed the absence of life on the Boulevard. There were no early vehicles, no market-wagons, no omnibuses, no pedestrians. Even the sparrows had vanished; nothing of life awoke with dawn; the silence was absolute save for the deadened measured booming of the guns in the southern forts. That, too, was inaudible when he turned into the ancient Faubourg du Temple and began the ascent of the silent, foul, greasy streets that marked the beginning of the revolutionary zone.

On high mountains the limit of vegetation is sharply marked by stunted growth, and then the rocks. On Mont Aventin the vegetating growth of anarchy was marked by filth. The streets rocked with it; the unutterably foul Canal St. Martin ran filth; the very balconies sweated it as the evil grey mist lifted above the canal, higher, higher, exposing the mean, naked, treeless streets that twisted and coiled round and round the heights where, crowned and enthroned, sat Anarchy hatching murder.

The first faint flicker of daylight that had been struggling through the mist died out under a sudden burst of rain. The streets grew darker again; the rain raged furiously for a minute or two, and then changed to a thick drizzle. There were no lamps in the streets, nor a flicker

of light from the long grisly row of houses; but he knew his way, and he found it, even in the darkest alleys, even through dank passages that reeked like the hold of a pest-ship. And at last he came to the church of Menilmontant. Almost at once he saw what had been done by the insurgents. The statement of General Trochu had led him to believe that the church had been turned into a fortress and strongly barricaded; the truth was that almost nothing had been accomplished toward fortifying Menilmontant. Across the street stood a rambling, partly finished barricade of paving-stones. Two houses had been converted into barracks for the Carabiniers; this was patent to anybody, partly because of the two empty sentry-boxes before each house, partly on account of a strip of canvas nailed across the front of the two houses, on which was painted, "Barriques of the Commune." On the church a similar strip of canvas hung, bearing the legend, "Ambulance—Headquarters"; and a red flag, that the rain had soaked almost black, hung from the church-door to the steps.

There was not a soul to be seen at the barricade; the sentry-boxes protected no sentinels; the church was dark and silent. Bourke crept forward and mounted the barricade. He walked along the top to where it crossed the pavement. Here the wall of stones was higher, and he could lift himself into the balcony of the house against which the barricade ended. This he did cautiously, then crouched there, watching a lantern that somebody in the house had lit.

The lantern swung to an fro; somebody was moving downstairs; a shadow fell across the threshold, and a figure stepped into the street. By the light of the lantern he could see the uniform of an officer in the Carabiniers.

The man stood a moment inspecting the barricade by the flickering light, then turned and, crossing the street, entered the church. It was Speyer. Bourke waited a

"Is Speyer your Captain?" asked Mon Oncle.

"Will you wait till I finish," blustered Bourke, "or do you want to run away empty-handed?"

"I'll take anything on God's earth," said Bibi solemnly; "but there's nothing left to steal in this part of His earth—is there, Mon Oncle?"

"Yes, there is," said Bourke saugely. "There's that girl that Speyer stole in the Rue d'Ypres."

"What do we want of her?" asked Bibi in genuine astonishment.

"Want! You want the reward, don't you?"

"Reward!" muttered Mon Oncle. "Is that why Speyer stole her? I thought he was sweet on her."

"Zut!" said Bibi, "of course it was for a reward. But I don't see how we are to get her, as she's in the church yonder."

"Of course she's in the church," interrupted Bourke impudently, but his voice shook in spite of him at such unhooded fortune; "of course she's in the church, and all we have to do is to wait until Speyer comes out with his lantern."

"And crack his skull," blurted out Bibi eagerly, "and—"

"And walk into the church and get her, hey?" suggested Mon Oncle.

Then Mon Oncle and Bibi began to dispute about the reward, utterly ignoring Bourke. The latter saw that his troubles would be only beginning if he got Hildé out of Speyer's hands. He said nothing, however, until Bibi suddenly squatted down behind the barricade, and Mon Oncle followed him, dragging Bourke to the ground.

"He's coming now," whispered Bibi, picking up a jagged bit of stone. "Wait—I'll fix him."

Speyer, swinging a lantern, entered the barricade and walked towards the barracks of the Carabiniers. He hummed

a tune as he went, and dangled his lantern this way and that, stepping mincingly over the puddles and drawing his cloak closer. Then, as he passed Bourke, Bibi stole out like a shadow, swifter and yet swifter, and struck Speyer a terrible blow with the heavy stone. The lantern fell—that is all Bourke saw, except something lying in the street, and Bibi kneeling above it. Presently Bibi came back, holding the lantern, still alight, with a single spot of blood on the glass. Without a glance at Bourke, he beckoned to Mon Oncle, and they both entered the church. Before Bourke could rise, they reappeared at the door, vehemently disputing with a sentry who seemed loth to allow them there; but they had their way, and again disappeared.

Bourke crouched behind the barricade, his revolver cocked and his eyes on the church door. His heart was beating almost to suffocation as second after second dragged by, and now came the lantern-light again, nearer and nearer the door. Bibi stepped out alone; then a child, a little girl, came, clinging to a woman—Hildé. Mon Oncle, still disputing with the sentry, brought up the rear.

As they passed the barricade Bourke saw Mon Oncle glanced fearfully around, but Bibi pushed him forward, and, seizing Hildé's arm, hurried down the street and entered the maze of gombe lanes and alleys that honeycomb the quarter like holes in a rabbit-warren. Bourke followed them. Once or twice Bibi looked over his shoulder suspiciously. Mon Oncle was always on the alert. So they crossed the anarchist quarter, Bourke following, and began to skirt the interior of the city, where already a few people were stirring, and where the morning light, in spite of the rain, glimmered on wet streets and closed shutters.

Their intention was, obviously, to gain the rookeries of the southern quarters by the faubourgs and outer boulevards. Bourke's time had come, and he glided more closely on their heels, until Bibi, turning prudently to inspect his trail, saw Bourke standing at his elbow with levelled revolver. Mon Oncle whipped out a knife, and Bourke

shot him dead at his feet. Bibi, in an ecstasy of fury, struck Hildé a murderous blow, turned and ran for it, ran hard for his life, and Bourke shot at him as he ran, standing as still and composed as though he were shooting at a target. Every bullet struck its mark, but the miserable creature ran on, headlong, until the last shot sent him spinning and reeling into a tree, at the foot of which he crashed down, doubling up like a dead rabbit.

Then Bourke knelt and lifted Hildé in his arms. Over her eyes the blood was pouring from an open cut. Her white face fell back on her shoulder as he rose on one knee in a circle of citizens and soldiers who had gathered from Heaven knows where, and now stood staring at Bourke and Hildé.

"Where is your post?" asked Bourke of a National Guardsman who bore the number 232 on his cap. "I want a stretcher to the Rue d'Ypres."

"Send for a stretcher," chorussed the crowd, and the soldier hurried off to his post down the street, where already two men of the hospital corps were hastening toward the group.

"Has the fighting begun in Belleville?" asked another soldier, turning over the dead body of Mon Oncle with his foot and scowling at his Carabinier uniform.

"It has ended as far as I am concerned," said Bourke. As he spoke he felt a little hand seek his; Red Riding-Hood, pale and composed, stood beside him. "Have they killed Mademoiselle Hildé?" she asked.

"No," said Bourke; "see, she is opening her eyes—see, little one!"

Then Red Riding-Hood began to cry at the strange words that Hildé uttered—strange, senseless words that meant nothing at first to Bourke. When the stretcher came he walked beside it as they bore her to the Rue d'Ypres. The delirium increased; she spoke of Harewood, of love, of lost souls—lost through love. She spoke of Harewood as though he lay in death on the edge of hell. And Bourke walked beside her and understood.

(To be continued.)

The Vice-Chancellor

Lord E. Cecil.



LORD KITCHENER AT CAMBRIDGE: THE SIRDAR IN HIS LL.D. ROBES.

See "Events of the Day."

moment before he rose from the balcony. He had no plan, no idea; what to do, now that he had crept into the hornets'-nest, was a problem too intricate for him. And as he crouched there, hesitating, something in the open window behind him caught his eye—a dark mass huddled above the window-ledge. Then, to his horror, he saw eyes watching him in the shadow, and the shadow itself seemed to expand and glide toward him. Quick as thought he had his revolver levelled; there came a gasp, a sudden movement, and a man leaped softly into the balcony, whispering, "Don't shoot comrade; it's all right."

Before Bourke could understand, another figure climbed out of the window and made toward him. "Voyons, comrade!" they protested; "we are deserting, too. Don't be selfish, but lend a hand!" They let themselves down to the barricade, one after the other, then turned and motioned Bourke to follow. "What did you do with your uniform?" asked one of the men. "You're lucky to find those clothes."

"Zut!" said the other; "we can sell our uniforms at the Temple and buy blouses."

There was something not altogether unfamiliar to Bourke about the two Carabiniers. He looked into their hard faces; the one expressed sudden sensual brutality, the other vacuous viciousness. Suddenly it came to him: they were the Mouse's friends, Mon Oncle and Bibi la Goutte.

"Are you coming with us, or are you going to stand there all day?" asked Mon Oncle.

Bourke added: "The Captain will be looking for us in ten minutes to help on that cursed barricade."

"Listen!" said Bourke with sudden inspiration. "I am not going to desert empty-handed. Are you?"

"Hey?" demanded Bibi vacantly. "There's nothing to pocket in that barracks there, and I know our Captain looted the church."

"Captain Speyer?" asked Bourke.

"No; Stauffer."



COMRADES: RESTING.—BY ANDRE BROUILLET.

From the Salon of the Society of Artists, Paris, 1898.

EVENTS OF THE DAY.

Lord Curzon of Kedleston visited Derby the other evening to receive congratulations on his appointment as Viceroy. For Derby remembers that, seventeen years ago, "a timid youth of the age of twenty-two" rose in its midst to make his first address at a political public meeting. Lord Curzon reminded his hearers the other night that on that first occasion a man at the end of the hall had shouted "Sit down, Sir!" an invitation,



BRITISH OFFICERS OF THE 11TH SOUDANESE.

THE DISMOUNTED OFFICER IS MAJOR JACKSON, NOW COMMANDING AT FASHODA.

he candidly added, that neither then nor since had he felt any disposition to accept. The fact that in those old days Derby had rejected by a majority of 2000 his offer of service to them as a member of Parliament is remembered now by the Viceroy-Elect with the absolute good-humour of a man whose subsequent successes have made all failures mere episodes and accidents. Despite that rejection, Lord Curzon holds that it is impossible "to imagine anything more Derbyshire than the Curzon family." His father, he said, had passed in and out among them during fifty faultless years, and he knew that their congratulations were meant for his father as well as for himself. That is a touch that has not often been possible to Viceroys; for few have had fathers alive to share the glory of their sons' viceregal state. Lord Curzon, not yet out of his thirties, will be but forty-four when his five years of rule are over. He will still have a long career before him; and it perhaps threatens to be something like an anticlimax in life to be a Viceroy of India and then be something much humbler and more ordinary in the service of the Queen at home.

Our illustrations on this page represent officers and non-commissioned officers of the 11th Soudanese, which has been accounted the best battalion in the Egyptian Army. The gallant 11th formed part of Colonel Macdonald's brigade, which performed the masterly evolution of three changes of front at the battle of Omdurman. In the group of British officers of the regiment the central figure on foot is that of Kaimakam Jackson Bey, who is now in command at Fashoda. On his left is Bimbashi Pink, D.S.O., second commandant; and on his right Bimbashi Fisher, third commandant. The other group shows the sergeants of the battalion. In the centre is Colour-Sergeant Flint, on his right the Sergeant-Major, and on his left the Quartermaster-Sergeant.

The Sirdar's day at Cambridge was a busy one. It began before eleven, when he arrived at Christ's College Lodge as the guest of Dr. and Mrs. Peile—the lady being his cousin. Before the morning was over he had become a freeman of the borough, and was holding an address from the Corporation enclosed in a casket made of one hundred ounces of silver. The address neatly welcomed the hero of Omdurman on the banks of that historic river which just a century ago witnessed the triumph of another Horatio, also an East Anglian—Lord Nelson of the Nile. Lord Kitchener, in expressing thanks for the address, spoke of the long association of his family with Cambridge—"with the colleges and elsewhere." Having been made a townsmen, the Sirdar, after lunching with the Vice-Chancellor at Downing College Lodge, went to the Senate House to be made a scarlet gownsmen, with the honorary degree of LL.D. The crowd round the building was dense, and the collapse of some forty yards of railings might easily have resulted in more serious mishaps than the temporary injury of six or seven bystanders. The scene within was almost equally exciting. Lord Kitchener, who wore for the first time not only his scarlet gown but also his G.C.B. insignia, was received by the undergraduates with deafening cheers. These merged into the strains of a song from "The Dandy Fifth" about the British Army going a long way, while the more warlike of the "young barbarians, all at play," suspended over the end gallery an effigy of the Khalifa.

Then the Public Orator (Dr. Sundy) delivered a Latin eulogium, which the undergraduates did not even pretend to follow; but which, when the Vice-Chancellor had formally conferred the degree, they translated freely into "For he's a jolly good fellow." Later the Sirdar's horses were then removed from his carriage, and he was drawn by undergraduates through peopled streets to Christ's College Lodge. A few minutes more and at a special meeting of the Union Society, with the President, Mr. Langdon Davies, in the chair, Lord Kitchener was enthusiastically received as an honorary member. His acknowledgment was brief, but it included a regret and a wish—the regret that he had

not himself had the advantage of University training, and the wish that he could have some of his young friends with him in the Soudan. A banquet in the evening at Christ's College brought together a brilliant gathering, and the day appropriately ended in a display of fireworks.

The Sirdar was a late guest of the Savages on Saturday night. He had accepted an invitation to dine with the club, when another invitation, which he regarded as a "command," came to him from the Duke of Cambridge. So the Duke gained the dinner whom the Savages lost. They had General Sir Evelyn Wood with them, however, and he made a consolation speech which was about savages frankly enough. In the Ashanti War he had a faithful retainer in a native who served him for five shillings a day, and brought with him twenty fine sons all between the ages of twenty-one and twenty-three. Sir Evelyn Wood, at the end of the six months' campaign, wanted to make him a present, and he chose a tall black hat, on which Sir Evelyn spent twenty-three shillings at the stores. He sent him, too, a huge umbrella (price twenty guineas) by which the hat could be protected. With those two symbols of civilisation—the high hat and the umbrella—the savage could hardly be sure that he was a savage any longer. After the dinner at the Holborn Restaurant, the London Savages and their guests adjourned to the club's own quarters in Adelphi Terrace, where the famous entertainment its members can provide was given, and where Lord Kitchener came at midnight and stayed till nearly one in the morning.

A noteworthy example of practical Christianity has been shown at St. Aidan, near Middlesbrough, by the Rev. C. H. Selwood Goodwin, who was recently settled in the parish. The district, inhabited by a large working-class community, contained no proper place of worship, so the energetic young minister decided that he and his people should build one with their own hands. A site was secured, and Mr. Goodwin, having put his hand to the plough, quickly put it to the spade, and surprised his neighbours by appearing in his shirt-sleeves busily trenching the ground for the foundation of the new church. His flock lent willing assistance, and gifts of building materials began to flow in from sympathisers.

For a whole night the elements had to be fought, for a storm tore away part of the walls, but in the end the reverend architect and his flock conquered, and at Christmas they hope to open the church of their own handiwork.

The Imperial Institute is being named as a possible future home for the University of London. The suggestion is large enough to be surprising at first sight; but it has already won the support of the Prince of Wales and his colleagues, who are, in a sense, answerable for the maintenance at South Kensington for what has been rather severally called "a costly futility." A bargain should be fair to both sides; and the



NON-COMMISSIONED OFFICERS OF THE 11TH SOUDANESE.

Burlington Gardens quarters of the University are admittedly too small now, and will be even more inadequate when the reformed constitution comes into full force. Moreover, the Government would be glad to get the Burlington Gardens site. All these things seem to be indications worth careful consideration; but why should the exchange of quarters involve a change of name? London University is not made more general by being rechristened, as some suggest, the Imperial University. A university is already cosmopolitan enough in its associations to receive a limitation rather than an enlargement from any qualifying adjective expressive of the fashionable phraseology of a particular time.

Major-General Sir H. Rundle, who succeeds Sir William Butler at Dover, is one of the youngest men ever given the command of a district at home, being only forty-two. He has been in active service almost continuously for nearly twenty years, beginning with

the Zulu War. He went into the Egyptian army in 1883, and returns home, after fifteen years, a Major-General and a K.C.B., to take up his abode at Dover Castle some time about Christmas, when Lady Butler will leave to follow her husband to his new command at the Cape. Sir H. Rundle's appointment to a favourite post may be taken in part as a tribute to the share he has had, by hard labours in the past, in the triumph of Omdurman.

We are very well in London. So, at least, it seems from the statistics of the Registrar-General, whose last weekly report shows fewer deaths, by 249, than in the corresponding week of the past ten years. The actual number of deaths was 1436, and

that of the births 2586, which works out for an increase of population in tens of thousands at the end of the year. Of the 1436 deaths of the week in London forty-four were from diphtheria. From small-pox, despite magisterial dispensations, no death occurred in London or any other large town. The death-rate per thousand brings Croydon into pre-eminence with only 8.8, and shows Derby with 10.9, London with 16.6, Manchester with 19.4, Liverpool with 22.5, and Preston with 24.

No startling light has been thrown by the now concluded official inquiry on the wreck of the *Mohegan* on the Manacles Rocks. The vessel, when she left the Thames, was in good order; her fittings, including life-saving apparatus, were complete; her lamps were kept burning, and her captain was in good health. To these conclusions the court sets its seal; but is, nevertheless, of opinion that every passenger vessel navigating the English Channel should have on each side a life-boat actually swung out ready for launching. As for the cause of the disaster, the court concludes that, though a proper watch was set, a proper watch was not kept, and that a wrong course was steered after the Eddystone was passed. That is all there is to be said in explanation of the loss of one hundred and six lives. The inquiry is over and the mystery remains.

That "cabby knows his fare," in both senses of the word, has long been regarded as a saw of deep significance. No doubt has ever been, or is likely to be, thrown on the accuracy of his knowledge in the first sense, but as regards the second there has always existed in the public mind rather more than a suspicion that our Jehu was inclined to overstate his information. He did this with the greater impunity that the fare (sense 1) had generally but the haziest ideas of what his fare (sense 2) should be. In spite of doubts, the peaceable citizen preferred being cheated to being publicly harangued

from the box. But all doubts will be resolved before Christmas by the introduction of the taxameter, a little instrument which will set all questions as to amount of fare due completely at rest. Cabby, however, will not be converted in a day to the belief that a "real gentleman" will abide by the taxameter's ruling. As between him and his master he may be willing to consider the machine's decision final, but between him and his fare is another matter. The machine, we are told, has worked well on the Continent in the interests of the cab proprietor and the public. Nothing is said of cabby's testimony. Most likely it is too vigorous for publication; or probably he is still pondering it deeply in his heart.

The Princess Mary Convalescent Home for Children, at Bognor, in connection with the East London Hospital for Children, was commenced last year, soon after the death of Princess Mary, Duchess of Teck, who was much interested in the work of the East London Hospital. The need for such an aid to the efforts of the East London Hospital for Children has been felt for many years. Since 1890, the hospital has been collecting funds for the purpose, and actually succeeded in amassing enough to cover the original estimate of the cost, so that, although there is still £1500 required to complete the Home, it cannot be said that it was undertaken by the hospital in a spirit of speculation. In any case, the need for a Convalescent



Photograph by Lafayette.

MAJOR-GENERAL SIR H. RUNDLE.



Photograph by W. P. Marsh, Bognor.

THE PRINCESS MARY CONVALESCENT HOME, BOGNOR, IN CONNECTION WITH THE EAST LONDON HOSPITAL FOR CHILDREN.

Home was so pressing that there can be nothing but commendation for the enterprise of the Governors in providing one for the hospital with the least possible delay, even though they may have thereby incurred a debt, which, compared with the deficiencies of some charitable institutions, is of small proportions; and it cannot be doubted that, having in mind the laudable object of the undertaking, the liability will soon be wiped off by a sympathetic public. Formerly the hospital experienced considerable difficulty in finding accommodation for their convalescents of under five years in other Homes. The needful opportunity for the little patients to complete their recovery will now be available, in a more convenient and more economical manner. The hospital, in fact, will be able to accomplish its work with a degree of thoroughness that was previously unattainable. The lower floor of the Home, besides bath-room and lavatory accommodation of the most approved type, contains a splendid play-room, full of sunshine, wherein rocking-horses and other toys abound, and there is also a dining-room, named the "Portland" room, so called after the president of the hospital, the Duke of Portland, which accommodates all the staff, consisting of the matron, Miss Pinchard, and three nurses, as well as the convalescents, for whom the wards contain beds, to the number of twenty-eight. The matron also has a cosy private room on this floor. On the floor above are the servants' and nurses' rooms, all very comfortably appointed, and a spare room for the benefit of the nurses of the East London Hospital for Children at Shadwell.

A word or two about the cost of the new Home may be interesting. The total expenditure, including the laundry and a small sanatorium, which have not yet been added, will be £7200, of which £5700 has been collected. The estimated annual cost of maintaining the Home is £600, and the charitably disposed may be glad to know that they can endow a cot in perpetuity for a like amount, while cots may also be endowed during the lifetime of the donor for £250, or by an annual subscription of £30.



Photograph by W. P. Marsh.

MISS PINCHARD, Matron of the Princess Mary Convalescent Home.



From a Photograph by W. P. Marsh.

A WARD IN THE PRINCESS MARY CONVALESCENT HOME.



1. A patrol leaving for the Territory of Alimami Lahai.
2. Insurgent Leader, Alimami Lahai, in jail.

3. Bey Nani, a minor Insurgent Leader.
4. The Patrol returning with Alimami Lahai and Bey Nani as Prisoners.

5. The Dance of Rejoicing over the Capture of the
Rebel Chief Alimami Lahai.



THE GERMAN EMPEROR AND EMPRESS IN SYRIA: UNVEILING THE TABLET COMMEMORATING THEIR IMPERIAL MAJESTIES' VISIT TO BAALBEC.
Drawn by our Special Artist, Milton Prior.



THE REVIEW AT DAMASCUS BEFORE THE GERMAN EMPEROR: THE ARAB CHARGE.

From a Sketch by our Special Artist, Melton Prior

LITERATURE.

NOTES ON NEW BOOKS.

The Two Magics. By Henry James. (W. Heinemann.)
The Spirit of Sweetwater. By Hamlin Garland. (Scribner and Faton.)
Her Memory. By Maarten Maartens. (Macmillan.)
The Custom of the Country: An Idyll of the Welsh Mountains. By John Finnemore. (Lawrence and Bullen.)
Maria de Mancini. From the French of Madame Sophie Gay. (Lawrence and Bullen.)
Mistress Nancy Molesworth. By Joseph Hocking. (James Bowden.)
A History of Spanish Literature. By J. Fitzmaurice-Kelly. (W. Heinemann.)
Catherine Sforza. By Count P. D. Pasolini. Translated by Paul Sylvester. (W. Heinemann.)
Grant Allen's Historical Guides: Venice. (Grant Richards.)
Capriccio. By the Duchess of Leeds. (Hodder and Stoughton.)

Of "Covering End," the second tale in "The Two Magics," one can say but that it is an agreeable, sentimental farce, not in Mr. James's best manner, yet amusing enough. The first one, "The Turn of the Screw," is quite in his best manner. He has rarely written anything so subtle, so delicate in workmanship, so intense in feeling, so entirely artistic. And what a subject has he chosen to spend all this art and emotion upon! There are readers, we believe, who have faced the horrible in several literatures, and who will come to the conclusion that Mr. James has capped it all. The subject will outrage many minds far from prudish, with its sickening suggestion of evil nesting in the fairest of all fair places, the souls of little children. To us it appears gratuitously painful. But the land of art is wide and free, and we cannot say it excludes studies of morbidity and of demoniac possession. As such must we describe this story to ourselves, if we are to tolerate it at all. The children, a gifted, beautiful, fascinating pair, are in the thrall of a dead man and woman, whose lives were loathsome. They act their pretty parts of innocent babes to perfection; but the love of two young women probes beneath their beauty, and finds the sink of corruption. When one fair witch is discovered (in a scene so haunting as any medieval tale of devilry) her beauty fades; the evil within looks out boldly at the world. Her brother's little soul becomes a battle-field of struggling forces, good and bad. The malignant spirit is worsted, but the price of victory is death. There is something really great in the story, and assuredly the skill is superb. But surely we are not merely sentimentalists in our protest against children being made the pawns in this horrible contest.

Mr. Garland is one of the most attractive of American writers. This is a minor effort, a little thin in substance, yet superficially graceful—a trifle, but a pretty trifle that makes us happy while we read. It is a tale of faith-healing, love being the power, and a beautiful consummative of the object of the cure. Life begins again for her at the bidding of a strong man who says, "Be well." And she repays him. His moral constitution is attacked. He knows this when he sees the health of her soul; and he cures himself, by heroic means, that he may be her fitting mate. The binding and general appearance of the book are all that could be desired. Among other pictures it contains an excellent portrait of the author.

Judging Mr. Maartens' book as a story, one must say he has done far stronger work; judged in another way, as a revelation of two highly sensitive characters, influenced by a shadowy third, it is extraordinarily good. There is a dead woman, who appears as a spirit of tenderness and pure morality; there is her husband, almost morbid in his devotion to her memory; and there is a child, with a precocious understanding of death and a strength of recollection far beyond her years. The child is limited in interest, reticent and intense in her affections; her mother's memory is the one strong influence and guiding star of her life. Her father's sorrow is all-absorbing for years; but he has many links to the world. He is an artist, and social and political responsibilities are thrust upon him. The inevitable divergence between him and his daughter is merely suggested. At the end we find him pathetically placed—grown out of the influence of his dead wife, his child's mind a closed book to him, immersed in distasteful business, the artistic work to which he was called abandoned as a consequence of his re-marriage. As we shut the book we feel something is just going to happen. "Her Memory" falls short as a story. We want to know more, and we do not believe all we are told; but it is a subtle suggestion of the tragedy of temperaments.

Local novels have a general purpose of recommending the particular locality they celebrate to the world outside. Not so "The Custom of the Country," which might be described as a warning against marriage with a Welshwoman. The Welsh girl here portrayed is not disagreeable; but her connections and neighbours are so aggressively eccentric and unpleasant that they would give pause to the most ardent lover who knew of their utmost possibilities. The "Custom of the Country"—hardly so much a custom as the title infers—might deter prudes; but the general Welsh human nature depicted so awkwardly and, we think, so inaccurately, would discourage the most amorous and the least prejudiced of mortals. The descriptive scenes are good; the narrative and the dialogue are amateurish, the English hero's conversation being an uncomfortable mixture of primness and slang. But clumsiness rather than inability is stamped on Mr. Finnemore's comparative failure.

This translation—or, more correctly, adaptation, for we think it is not quite complete, and therein the translator has been well advised—appeals more to the student of history and character than to the ordinary novel-reader. The matter was extracted by Madame Gay from the memoirs of the times, and that source also in great measure suggested the form. There is a monotony of style and a persistence in monologue which no story-writer of to-day would venture on. But these defects are only superficial. It is a tale of vivid emotions, of the sharp shock of ambitions and affections, tremendously real, though in an artificial setting. Marie de Mancini, Mazarin's niece, was, it will be remembered, the early love of Louis XIV. He forgot her; he scorned her in after years; but she inspired

in him a burning passion when he was a boy. As a love-story the book is memorable. Sophie Gay's mind was capable of the most subtle analysis, and her description of other characters, besides Louis and Marie, of Anne of Austria, Christina of Sweden, and Mazarin, for instance, though reached by a slow, laborious process, is admirably vivid nevertheless. This revival of Madame Gay is justified; and the publishers have greatly added to the interest of the volume by introducing some excellent portraits of the personages of the Court.

The hero of this Cornish Jacobite tale has at the beginning one more bit of hard luck than Mr. Hocking recounts. He loses the reader's sympathy at the start by consenting to a mean thing. To keep his lands, he engages to rescue a young lady from the hard and dangerous keeping of her relatives, that a rascally young lawyer may have the chance of marrying her. Of course, he is better than his engagement, and behaves pluckily, gallantly, disinterestedly. But when the promise was given, with whatever unwillingness, all readers must have written him down a mean scoundrel, and from that point he has laboriously to win back their confidence. Another misfortune attaching to the book is the irritating reminiscence, in the Killigrew family, of the Osbaldestones. There is even a Rashleigh, in the person of Otho, the deformed brother with brains. Nancy makes but a mild Di Vernon. Apart from these weaknesses, the book is a good one. The writer knows traditional Cornwall well, and Catholic and Jacobite Cornwall is a new thing in a story. Of all the popular author's works, we are inclined to think this is the best written and the most vigorous.

How little in England is known of the rich literature of Spain, compared with that of France, Germany, Italy, or even, at least in later times, of Scandinavia! It might almost be said that for the average English reader Spanish literature means Cervantes. If to feel an interest in a history of a nation's literature presupposes some familiarity with its subject-matter, Mr. Fitzmaurice-Kelly's admirable volume will not, it is to be feared, find as many readers to appreciate it as is deserved by the wide knowledge, the striking literary ability, the critical acumen and careful industry displayed in it throughout. The "general reader," on taking up the book, will, doubtless, turn first to the chapter on Cervantes, and he will not be disappointed. It is an excellently characteristic specimen of the author's biographical and critical skill, and of that vivacity (sometimes, perhaps, over-vivacity) of style, which makes a perusal of his volume very pleasant as well as informing. The story of Cervantes's adventurous and occasionally Bohemian career becomes more interesting than ever in the light of the latest information. One episode in it is possibly known to many Spanish, but probably to few English readers. In 1588 the author of "Don Quixote" was appointed Deputy Purveyor to the memorable Spanish Armada.

Catherine Sforza, a beautiful, clever, and high-spirited woman, inherited the courage and also the craft of the Sforzas from whom she sprang; and who, as successful *cavaliere*, had fought and intrigued their way from the condition of simple country gentlemen to be Dukes of Milan. By marriage she became, after the assassination of her first husband (her second met with a similar fate), sole ruler of an important district of the Romagna. To maintain her position she had to struggle long against principalities and powers, domestic and foreign. In his able monograph, Count Pasolini has told her eventful story in great detail, and has evidently taken all possible pains to tell it accurately. Catherine's life could not well be written apart from the stormy history of Italy in the second half of the fifteenth century, and much of this Count Pasolini has skilfully interwoven with his biography. For English readers the most interesting section of the volume is the narrative of Catherine's very gallant, though unsuccessful defence of the citadel of Forlì, her chief stronghold, when besieged by the infamous Caesar Borgia and his French allies. The translation is so well executed that it reads like an original. There are a number of fine illustrations, views, plans, and portraits, among them two interesting panoramas of Rome in the fifteenth century.

Mr. Grant Allen's "Venice" is the fourth of his series of Continental guide-books, felicitous in conception, and admirably executed. They are planned not as substitutes for but as supplements to Murray and Baedeker, the comprehensive information given in which reaches down to directions for hiring vehicles and the charges of hotel-keepers. Mr. Allen restricts himself to the works of art of every kind found in those Continental cities where they are most abundant and most remarkable. His are guide-books in the strictest sense of the word. The tourist is "personally conducted," as it were, by an accomplished and appreciative connoisseur and critic, who teaches him or her to observe the local development of art in all its chief departments, pictorial, architectural, plastic, and even decorative, and to realise the distinctive peculiarities of each noticeable artist and his work, while there is thrown in many a brief but pregnant biographical and historical remark illustrative not only of the artist but of his subject.

Authors of the rank of the Duchess of Leeds are rare, and this is her Grace's first work. Were it by an obscure or anonymous writer, the most fastidious of critics would scarcely hesitate to recognise in it talent and promise. It consists of stories, shorter or longer and generally pathetic, sometimes deepening into the tragic. The Duchess's range of subjects is a wide one, extending from the idyllic pastoral life of ancient and pagan Italy to that of the fashionable London of our own time. Several of her stories display considerable and varied imaginative power, and even decided originality. Her Grace wields, both in description and narrative, an easy, graceful, flexible style, which becomes vivid when vividness is required. In the longest of the "society" tales, where the loves of the hero and heroine are obstructed by inequality of station, the theme is an old one, but it is handled with a vivacity and freshness which indicate that its writer could achieve success as a novelist of modern English life.

A LITERARY LETTER.

Mr. Andrew Lang is agreeably himself in the article on Charles Dickens that he has contributed to the December number of the *Fortnightly Review*. "A work on recent Victorian humorists would," he says, "be a scanty and gloomy compilation." "As a magistrate, Fielding knew the poor, on whose side, in whose cause, in praise of whose generous virtues, his great, kind voice is always uplifted." "PICKWICK" is described as "the breviary of kindly men," and it is noted that "we have no Dickens, but we have now hundreds of writers who, with conscious rectitude, avoid his technical errors, and glory in the motto that fiction is now a finer art. It is better *charpente*, but where is the essential thing, the creative power?" . . . "Thinking on Dickens," he concludes, "I feel that there are a few others whom I more passionately desire to meet, whom 'not having seen, I love,' more than Dickens, among the great writers of the recent past. He who sleeps in Dryburgh—he to whose room came Athos, Aramis, Porthos, and d'Artagnan—these, I admit, are dearer to my heart than even the beloved author of 'PICKWICK.'"

Messrs. Chapman and Hall are anxious that it should be known that they alone possess the copyright of all the works of Charles Dickens. They no doubt make this announcement by the light of the fact that new pocket editions of Dickens are paragraphed as forthcoming from the houses of Dent and Methuen, the one firm preparing an issue to be edited by Mr. Walter Jerrold, and the other an issue to be edited by Mr. George Gissing. Messrs. Chapman and Hall are entitled, of course, to remind the public of their exceedingly strong position, for the copyright of "Little Dorrit," "A Tale of Two Cities," "Great Expectations," and "Our Mutual Friend"—four novels which seem to me well-nigh as good as anything that Dickens wrote—has still a long time to run; in fact, "Our Mutual Friend" is not out of copyright for another seven years.

Readers of the *Sketch* have for some years past been divided in opinion as to the merits of the art work of Mr. Gilbert James. This work, which has had its ardent partisans, of whom I was one of the earliest, has frequently provoked a great deal of unfavourable criticism. The critics will now have an opportunity of dealing with it more formally, for Mr. Leonard Smithers is to publish a volume of Mr. Gilbert James's drawings from Omar Khayyám and other sources in a few days. The edition will be limited to five hundred copies, and the price will be seven shillings and sixpence.

Mr. Edmund Downey, of the firm of Downey and Co., is getting on apace with his *édition de luxe* of Charles Lever's novels. The actual collation, I understand, has given Mr. Downey a great deal of trouble. In early editions of "Harry Lorrequer," for example, there were words, lines, and sometimes whole paragraphs that would seem to have dropped out through careless printers and proof-readers. Lever's daughter was employed to set all straight for this edition, but she died before proofs of the first volume reached India, where she had been residing for many years. Mr. Downey has, however, entered into the matter with much zest, and he is very proud—as he has a right to be—of this beautiful edition of Lever, of which the thirty volumes are all but completed.

Literature publishes an epigram from a well-known author to a well-known critic—names, however, it does not mention. The lines run as follows—

Critic, rail on—I will not say
 Your little sting is not a sting:
 That pleasure I'll not grudge to pay,
 You are so small and sad a Thing.

Critic, when you and I are dead,
 Shaping in clay his first design,
 I see a sculptor mould a head—
 Yours is the clay; the image mine.

This, no doubt, is very neat, but while one absolutely recognises the superiority of the imaginative to the critical faculty, that superiority only makes for immortality in the case of the highest imaginative faculty. The average critics of an earlier age have more permanence than the average novelists. There are more persons interested to-day in the critical essays of Hazlitt, Coleridge, and De Quincey than in the thousand and one third-rate novels which were appearing in their day. Writers like "Monk" Lewis, Julia Kavanagh, and a hundred others are absolutely dead, but the critics of that time are very much alive indeed. And so it may possibly be to-day. There is no earthly reason why Walter Pater's essays, Matthew Arnold's essays, and, indeed, the essays of many writers still living, should not outlive the work of most of the present exceedingly popular novelists, and, perhaps, of the very "author" who committed himself to the lines in *Literature*.

Many a good aspiration of this kind has not quite been realised. One remembers, for example, that Southey, in the flyleaf of a now extinct book, had the following lines—

Go, little book, from this thy solitude,
 I cast thee on the waters, go thy ways;
 And if, as I believe, thy tone be good,
 The world will find thee after many days.

Nothing is more certain than that the world will never find the book in question.

Now, as when "George Mandeville's Husband" was published, there is much speculation as to the identity of "C. E. Raimond." No reader of "The Open Question" can doubt but that the author is a woman. The *Academy* suggests the name of Miss Elizabeth Robins, the very talented actress whose impersonation in Ibsen's "Master Builder" will be long remembered. Another and more probable suggestion is that of Mrs. Montague Crackanthorpe, whose essays in the magazines have points in common with "C. E. Raimond's" work. A further suggestion is that of collaboration between Miss Robins and Mrs. Crackanthorpe. Meanwhile the world waits with bated breath.

C. K. S.

ON THE WAY TO KLONDIKE.

Photographs by J. W. Stansfeld, Leader of the Southport Yukon Syndicate.



OFF TO KLONDIKE.



LINDERMAN TOWN.



PASSING THE RAPIDS: "MAN OVERBOARD!"



AFTERNOON EXCITEMENT: WAITING FOR MISADVENTURES.



POLICE LEAVING BENNETT FOR KLONDIKE.



BOAT STRANDED ON THE ROCKS IN RAPIDS BETWEEN BENNETT AND LINDERMAN.

ANECDOTAL EUROPE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "AN ENGLISHMAN IN PARIS."

Eleven years and a half after its destruction by fire, the Paris Opéra-Comique has arisen from its ashes and will be opened to the public the day after to-morrow (Monday, Dec. 5). Of course, I have not seen either the estimates or the actual sum expended, but I am credibly informed that the latter amounts to £175,000. Only eight months ago, the Director of the Fine Arts Department of the Ministry of Public Instruction had to ask the Chamber of Deputies for an additional grant to enable him to build a thick party wall, for the purpose of separating the stage from the row of houses which, fronting the Boulevard des Italiens, have their backs to that stage, and practically prevent all issue on that side, the rest of the building being virtually isolated. I am not aware what would have been the cost of pulling down that single row of tenements between the Rue Favart and Marivaux, but of one thing I feel perfectly certain. Whatever the outlay, their removal would have been a sensible act. As they stand they constitute not only an element of danger to the newly erected structure, just as they did to its two predecessors, in virtue of their age and the very inflammable nature of their material, but they are death-traps to the whole of the *personnel* of the theatre in the event of another conflagration breaking out in the course of the evening.

And thus the architectural error perpetrated from sheer vanity more than a century and a decade ago, has been allowed to remain once more for the sake of a comparatively unimportant sum. The ship has been spolit a second time for the sake of a halfpenny-worth of tar. I am not exaggerating in saying that the architectural error was perpetrated from sheer vanity—not, however, the vanity of the architect, but of the Italian, or so-called Italian, comedians and singers, who were the original tenants of the first building. The first plan of Heurtier was to build the front of the theatre facing the boulevard, and to leave between it and the then already popular thoroughfare a large open space, which would not only have facilitated matters, but provided a handsome perspective. The vanity of the actors and singers led them to oppose the architect with all their might. By having their front on the boulevard, they were afraid of being confounded with the small shows with which the Boulevard du Temple swarmed at that time, and Heurtier was obliged to give in and build his playhouse on the ground intended by him to form a square in front of and magnificent approach to it.

Naturally, there was a deluge of lampoons on the subject. I dare only quote one—

Dès le premier coup d'œil on reconnoit très bien
Que le nouveau théâtre est tout Italien;
Car il est disposé d'une telle manière
Qu'on lui fait au présent présenter le derrière.

As usual, the lampooners and pamphleteers did not keep wholly within the truth, for the so-called Italian Theatre was no longer an Italian theatre, the performers of that nationality having been almost entirely absorbed by the French actors and singers, to whom and to their predecessors belong the credit of having invented the genre of semi-lyrical, semi-dramatic play we call opéra-comique.

Yet, opéra-comique—which is quite a different thing from comic opera—sprang from most humble beginnings. Grand opera, its stately sister, saw the light in France in a commodious mansion in the then distant village of Issy, at present on the outskirts of the capital, and the chief purveyor of that delicious cream in small brown stone pots, to be had for a few pence at all restaurants. The drama proper, including comedy and farce, had even a more imposing locale as its first home, both in the capital and in the provinces. The marble table of the Palais de Justice in the former was the stage for the mystères and sofies. Opéra-comique made its first appearance in a booth—in what we should probably term a "Richardson's Show"—three hundred years ago at the Fair of St. Germain—that is, in or about that part of the present boulevard of that name lying between the Rue de Rennes and the Marché de St. Germain. Opéra-comique was originally an entertainment grafted on the simple song of old and the nearly equally old *can de vire*, whence comes the word "vaudeville." For the benefit of those who have no leisure or inclination for etymological research, I may be permitted to explain that, at the outset, the *can de vire* were, primarily, satirical "patter" ditties, composed by a fuller whose name was Olivier Basselin, and who lived at Vire, a town in Calvados. They became so popular that they were sung throughout the length and breadth of the Valley of the Vire. A valley was then indiscriminately called *can* or *vire*.

The actor-singers of the Fair of St. Germain had, however, to cope with the opposition of the Italian singers, who arrived for the first time in France a decade, or perhaps a decade and a half, before they (the Frenchmen) started their entertainment. At any rate, there is a record of such a company of Italians making their first bow to the Paris public during the reign of Henri III., the last of the Valois Kings, but I myself have an equally authentic record of a much earlier date. There were "subscription concerts" in France in the time of Mary Stuart, and the less serious of those Italians that sang at them also played harlequinades interspersed with song. This attempt of the Frenchmen constitutes the first dawn of opéra-comique proper in France. As for its development, it must be left for discussion to a future occasion. It will be seen, then, that the pride which prompted the building of the Opéra-Comique with its back to the boulevard was wholly misplaced.

The finances of the Church of England Zenana Mission Society are in a grave position, a deficit accumulating from year to year. About £12,000 is required to bring about an equilibrium. Meantime there is to be no retreat, but the society is to continue its policy of sending to the mission-field every duly qualified candidate.

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SCIENCE JOTTINGS.

BY DR. ANDREW WILSON.

The ardent dream of the temperance reformer is, of course, to see not merely his own nation, but all the peoples of the world, becoming absolutely sober populations. Whether such a dream will ever be realised, or even come within reach of half-realisation, is another matter entirely. Men who are not teetotalers, and who nevertheless do not die from alcoholism—a fate which some fanatics in the prohibition line are given to assert is that awaiting the moderate individual—are all agreed that excess in alcohol is a bad, a very bad thing, and they are unanimous in desiring reform for those who require amendment of their ways.

But if we who look to education to effect all needed reforms and improvements in our morals require to possess and exercise a patience that is equal to our hope, certain observers are pointing out other modes and means of temperance reform, and these modes demand attention. It was once held by the late Mr. W. Mattieu Williams, I think, that the elimination of the drunkard by his own folly was in one sense a positive good and gain. He wiped himself out of the record, and the world is so much the better for the riddance. The fit survive, and the drunkard is of the unfit—that is social evolution in a nutshell. With our criminals we pursue, as the agents of society, a practically similar course. We do not exterminate them, save when they become thoroughly dangerous, but we immure them, and they cease from troubling us for a season, and, perchance, reform and take their place among the fit. Lately Dr. Archibald Reid has been pursuing a side issue in these studies of human evolution which have endeared him somewhat to the pessimistic side of humanity. I cannot say that Dr. Reid is a cheerful philosopher, albeit he is a very courageous writer and a thinker of power. I confess to a weakness for cheery optimism; because, if you make the best of the worst, "the slings and arrows of outrageous fortune" can really hurt you no more, and it may be that the heartening optimism gives is the best tonic for strengthening you to renew and continue the struggle for existence.

Dr. Archibald Reid's views are worth thinking over, if for no other reason than that they seem to suggest a way out of the difficulty of the drunkard. Tender-hearted people will not approve of the theory that, to make people sober, you have first to make them drunk; and the idea that alcohol in excess or in *excelsis* will really work out its own cure in time is one which is likely to give teetotalers fits. Briefly put, Dr. Reid's idea is founded on biological science. It is provable that in the course of human evolution, man's physical frame undergoes many subtle modifications; and that these modifications are transmitted to his descendants is matter of certainty—how, may be an open question, though I don't think Weismannism will solve it in any sense—Dr. Reid's belief in that theory notwithstanding. Now we know that in the case of many diseases an ailment, which is fatal to the savage may not be at all serious to his civilised neighbour, and this because the latter has, in the course of the ages, developed an immunity from, or power of resistance to, the disease. His body-cells have become modified, probably through generations of epidemics in the past, so that they no longer harbour and entertain the microbes that wreak their full force on the savage man. What happens in the case of disease, Dr. Reid argues, will happen in the case of alcohol. The more the modern man drinks, the sooner will his successors acquire immunity from its effects, and such immunity (if I understand the argument aright) producing a lack of intoxicating results, the man of the future will imbibe no more, simply because he will "get no fun out of it," as the schoolboy might put it.

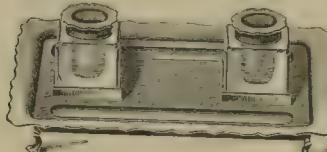
Our author supports his views by arguments which are deft enough. He remarks that in the South of Europe a greater sobriety prevails to-day than formerly. These races are less drunken than the people of Northern Europe, and yet they live in the midst of wine-producing lands. They have had their fill, according to the new gospel, and have become immune. We in the north, where alcohol is dear, are still struggling and wrestling with it; and immunity, I should say, judging from our own experiences of to-day, is an event yet afar off from us. If Dr. Reid be right, then the way out is to let men drink, that their children may become protected against the alcohol-craving. Prohibition and strict legislation—beyond seeing that your liquor is pure and that drunkenness is to be treated as a cardinal sin—is a mistake—nay, more, it is a crime against the welfare of society, because it is hindering the evolution of the alcohol-hating habit. This is the new gospel of temperance. It requires no prophetic gift to predict that the average reformer will have none of it.

Yet there is more in Dr. Reid's speculation than the man in the street may be able to discern. His views are worth thinking over and turning over in one's mind. I can see that there is no nation which has not got its little tipple of one sort or another, that alcohol is universally used, and that men seeking a something to make glad their hearts, find it in alcohol. If there is ever to be a diminution of drinking, it will be because some physical as well as mental change is wrought out in the experience of humanity, and it may well be that the change will run on the lines Dr. Reid has indicated. Also, another thought strikes me as important. It occurs to me that if we investigate the history of the children of drunkards we shall find that while heredity works out its inevitable end, and may and does produce inebriates to the third and fourth generation, occasionally we find examples of exactly the opposite result. I have known cases in which the children have been abstainers, and have developed an absolute horror of alcohol in every shape and form. This fact I commend to Dr. Reid's attention. Is it that the sober and abstaining descendants of the drunkards have merely become so by force of example? or is it not rather that they have had transmitted to their cells and tissues an immunity which, like a hidden friend, renders them utterly impassive to any desire for alcohol, and gives a distaste for that fluid under any circumstances whatever?

LADIES' PAGES.

CHRISTMAS PRESENTS.

Messrs. Mappin and Webb, both at 158, Oxford Street, and 2, Queen Victoria Street, immediately opposite the Mansion House, have the advantage of showing their very fine goods in rooms of a corresponding character. At Oxford Street, particularly, the premises are so extensive and so well lighted that it is an unusual pleasure to walk round and see in succession the different departments. They are all replete with novelties, and all manner of goods appropriate to a silversmith's and jeweller's of the finest description. One of the latest introductions, either



Silver Ink-Stand.—Mappin and Webb.

in silver or in the "Prince's Plate," the specialty of the house, which is almost equal to silver in wear and quite so in appearance, is a some what severe pattern reproduced from an old design dating back to James I. The surface is absolutely plain, and is, of course, correspondingly finely finished and polished; the shapes are good, and the edges are rounded and fluted sufficiently to relieve somewhat the severity of the surface. An ink-stand in this James I. design, which we illustrate, is perhaps one of the best examples, as the plainer an inkstand is, the more practically useful. Entrée-dishes, muffin-dishes, biscuit-boxes, as well as tea and coffee services, are all made in this Jacobean pattern, which has quite caught the public taste. If one likes a more ornate design, it is easily to be had in all articles; and a new introduction in "Prince's Plate," in spoons and forks, with gadroon edge and very handsomely engraved, just leaving a space for the monogram or crest, will meet the taste of those who like ornament exactly. There are a number of new designs in *cuisinières* for after-dinner black coffee, and, of course, endless shapes and varieties in silver teapots and services. One of the special introductions for this year's Christmas presents is a menu-frame called "Bacchanalian," from the fact that the design includes grapes and satyrs. It is finished in dull silver, and can be had for one guinea each piece. Another new idea is to apply the pierced silver, with which we have become familiar as surrounds to coffee-cups, to such articles as preserve-jars and butter-dishes, where the effect is just as good as in the coffee sets, as may be seen from the illustration. There are some remarkably handsome glass jugs to be seen, which are a specialty of Messrs. Mappin and Webb's. The water-jugs are entirely of glass, enamelled and then cut so as to give some fine translucent colour-effects, while other beautiful crystal beakers are mounted in silver for use as claret-jugs. A fruit-bowl of white china with an elaborately carved and gilt handle, placed on a plated stand from which rise curved supports for the cream and sugar at either side, would make a charming present; and so would a plated folding-table just to hold the breakfast things in bed, or to save a fine wood table from hot-water jugs placed on it. An attractive show-case contains modern reproductions of old silver designs—all those amusing little trinkets that make a good "silver-table" in the drawing-room, and that in the genuine antique form are difficult to get. These reproductions meet the case exactly, and include such things as a miniature drawing-room suite with tables, couch, and chairs, a fiddle, and a pair of bellows. Any one of these little pieces would be liked as a present. A new specialty, both pretty and useful, is a hand-carved silver box, containing a gross and a half of card counters, made of bronze, and therefore looking like gold, just as a new farthing does. The counters have upon them very good portraits, some of the Queen, others of the Prince and Princess of Wales and Prince Edward of York. The price is £2 15s. Passing by silver glove-stretchers, and many other interesting trifles, we see the dressing-bags, of which Messrs. Mappin and Webb make a specialty, and then enter the jewellery department, full of beautiful gem-work, which ranges from the pretty little charms so fashionable just now for hanging on a bangle or watch-chain, up to the most beautiful diamond stars, brooches, and pendants. There are some very good pieces of opal to be seen here. So are such smaller trinkets as brooches, or bangles, set with olivine, yellow sapphire, and other semi-precious stones; chain bracelets (one very popular design ending in an acorn with a green enamel cup); or pencils, one of which closes up to about an inch long to hang on a bangle, and is set round with rubies and pearls in narrow bands.

Charm for Watch-Chain.
Mappin and Webb.

and other semi-precious stones; chain bracelets (one very popular design ending in an acorn with a green enamel cup); or pencils, one of which closes up to about an inch long to hang on a bangle, and is set round with rubies and pearls in narrow bands.

Messrs. J. W. Benson, of Ludgate Hill and 25, Old Bond Street, have made a most happy revival of Early Victorian turquoise jewellery. They set it in what is known as the Pavé style: that is, in masses or clusters, the setting between the stones being just slightly visible as points which brighten the whole. The turquoise is a most becoming stone, its lovely blue, comparable to only that of the heavens, being singularly suitable to blonde complexions and for wear with the class of colours in costume that blondes would naturally select. The turquoise

blends admirably with either pearls or diamonds, and in many brooches and bracelets it is seen in such combination. For instance, there is a small oval of turquoise in Pavé setting, with a trefoil of pearls on either side; or the turquoise are arranged in a heart shape, with a true-lovers' knot in diamond above—a perfect present for a sweetheart at Christmas, or for bridesmaids.

Few articles so pretty as these are so inexpensive. Really charming brooches are to be had from thirty shillings to two pounds, and bracelets for something like five pounds, so that those in search of jewellery at once inexpensive and dainty cannot do better than either call or send for the coloured illustrated catalogue. Of course, some of the articles are large and imposing. A turquoise tiara, which will also form a necklace, is a most becoming ornament, and one which gives great distinction to the wearer, and this is offered in more than one design, the price being always moderate. Another specialty for which Messrs. Benson have "gone in" is pearl necklaces of pretty designs at moderate prices, just the thing for a present to a girl. The same may be said of some very small but exceedingly pretty rings, either diamonds alone or diamonds and pearls mixed, sold at the very moderate price of five guineas, and looking exactly suited for a fresh young hand. Novel buckles for ladies' belts are in very solid gold, made in curves and links and twists. They can be had either quite plain or set here and there with stones, such as pearls or turquoise, ranging in price in the plain gold patterns from £3 5s.; and from £4 10s. with the stones. The old chain pattern—some of it so big as to be fairly called cable—is again very popular, and Benson's are making it into muff-chains, necklaces, and bracelets. A good idea for hunting-ladies is a bracelet with a fox's head in diamonds, which will unscrew and fix upon other fittings to serve as either an ordinary brooch or a scarf-pin. While the wives and daughters are looked after with so

many small ornaments, little diamond knots and trefoils, amethysts set round with pearls, and all kinds of pretty trinkets, the young men need not be forgotten, for there is a good supply of properly unobtrusive and plain-looking, and yet rich gem-pins, studs, and the fancy buttons for evening wear that are the latest whim of the superior sex in the fashionable world. Messrs. Benson's "Ludgate" watches are, of course, celebrated, and the stock is equally good at the Ludgate Hill and the Bond Street establishments of the firm. At 25, Old Bond Street, however, is to be seen just now some exceptionally splendid diamond jewellery, as Messrs. Benson have combined with Messrs. Hunt and Roskell in buying the manufacturers' stock that both firms are now offering at low prices.

Messrs. Hunt and Roskell, at 156, New Bond Street, are showing a remarkable collection of fine jewels; and perhaps you would like to have some idea of the character of the display by glancing at the accompanying portraits of a lovely star and a brooch with a pearl pendant of rare beauty. But though this special wholesale stock is their great attraction for the season, it must not be supposed that they have not a large supply of smaller and less costly goods. Many of these are unique in design. They have, among other uncommon things, quite a number of charming ornaments in enamel, so fine in workmanship and of such excellent design as to remind one of the antique Italian pieces that are to be seen in the cabinets of collectors. There is, for example, a small heart of green enamel, with diamond leaves set upon it, encircled about

with white enamel, having tiny specks of gold let in. Another brooch or pendant is in green enamel and a round divided off into four parts, the colour and texture of the enamel showing up excellently the large garnet centre, the tone of which is not inferior to that of some rubies, while one or two pearls further enrich the design. Some bangles, set with semi-precious stones, are also novel and attractive; there is, for instance, one with a topaz in the centre, surrounded by diamond roses and set at intervals with a small emerald, at a very moderate price. A similar bangle has an amethyst of good colour, and this is really a charming stone. Other little brooches all in diamonds



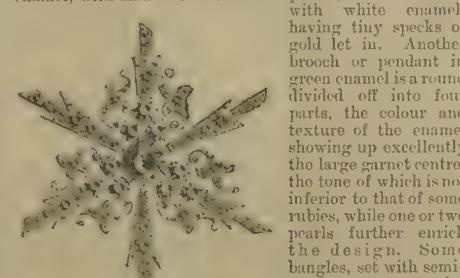
Pavé Brooch.—J. W. Benson.

are naturally dearer, but still quite within the reach of a moderate purse, such as an Irish harp, or a note of interrogation in diamonds with an emerald stop. Some old diamond buckles have been copied exactly, and provided with pins to use either as brooches in lace or on velvet for throatlets. Unique are the chain bangles set at intervals with cabochon emeralds and coral, or alternatively with opals and pearls, and in various other designs. Exquisite little corsage watches, enamelled or encircled with jewels, are accompanied by long chains in many charming and novel designs. For these, I am told everywhere, there is an immense demand at present; and truly, set with some of the brighter stones, they are a most effective ornament for evening, while in the smaller and less obtrusive mountings—tiny pearls or rose-diamonds, for instance—they are by no means too much, even for holding the muff or lorgnette in walking along the street. A unique brooch is to be seen formed of a beautifully marked star sapphire, the six lines radiating from the centre being uncommonly well marked; this is set round with a narrow band of red enamel, beyond which comes white enamel, the whole making a most uncommon and particularly charming ornament. Quite a little piece of education is afforded by some earrings of the real old Persian turquoise set round with small diamonds, and placed side by side with fine specimens of the more ordinary Egyptian turquoise, so that it is possible to see how very superior the much scarcer Persian stones are; the blue is much richer, and the stone, being a great deal harder, will take a high polish, which gives it a gloss on the surface that is lacking in the cheaper Egyptian stones.

Just under the Grand Hotel, looking into that centre of the Metropolis, Trafalgar Square, stands a shop whose attractive windows are always surrounded by an admiring group marvelling at the combined beauty and moderate prices of

A Handsome Brooch.
Association of Diamond Merchants.

Empire Comb.—Association of Diamond Merchants.

Diamond and Pearl Brooch.
Hunt and Roskell.

Diamond Star.—Hunt and Roskell.

Ruby and Diamond Chatelaine Watch.
S. Smith and Son.

the large stock displayed. This is the establishment of the Association of Diamond Merchants. The finest catalogue imaginable is to be had from this association; a book fit to remain in the library. To this a special Christmas Supplement is just added, and can be had separately on application. As a sample of what it will be found to contain, we have secured a copy of an illustration of the beautiful Empire combs, which are one of the newest devices for the adornment of lovely woman under the glare of gas or electric light, and which may be taken as a specimen of the good taste and freshness of the designs on show at 6, Grand Hotel Buildings. Smaller hairpins in tortoiseshell, with either gold or jewels in the fancifully shaped heads, are also novel and very effective, and can be had at prices within the reach of everyone—a pin with a large coiled head-piece of gold being only 17s. 6d. Indeed, the excellent value for the money is one of the features here, as can be judged by a glance at the other illustration—a brooch composed of brilliants and rubies, or sapphires, as preferred to rubies, the whole of the finest workmanship and good lustre, which can be purchased for only £8 15s. The Association of Diamond Merchants urge that diamonds should be bought just now, inasmuch as they are likely to go up very much in price shortly; and as a similar warning issued from this establishment to its customers about pearls, three or four years ago, has been since justified by a rise of fifty per cent., the present suggestion deserves respectful attention. This house has just opened an Indian branch, at Messrs. King's, Bombay.

For a present in which beauty and utility are combined command me to the watches of Messrs. S. Smith and Son, at No. 9, Strand, a few doors from Charing Cross Station. Not only have they everything most beautiful and most luxurious that can be devised in corsage watches, and brooches upon which to suspend them, or bracelets in which to enclose them, but their watches are also of the first degree of excellence as timekeepers. The *Times* recently sent an expert to view and give a long account of a remarkable watch whose claim to distinction rests on the fact that it has gained a certificate from the Government Testing Department at Kew as "especially good," with the extraordinarily high marks of 88 out of a possible 100. This watch contains a new discovery in the revolving escapement, a device in which the frame that carries the escapement is made to revolve slowly but continuously in the main frame by the action of the watch, thus reducing the errors in timekeeping from change in position. The tests applied at Kew are extremely severe, and extend over a great length of time, during which the unhappy watch is

ill-treated in every conceivable manner to try to induce it to show bad-temper! Though the marks recorded for this watch are exceptional, it may be taken as fairly characteristic of all their own manufactured watches. That pretty things at moderate prices for their value are to be had also our Illustrations conclusively prove. The fancy corsage watch begins at £3 15s.; while the beautiful ruby and diamond châtelaine watch, with the brooch included, is £5 5s.



Piney Corsage Watch.
S. Smith and Son

so many interesting experiments to be performed that a youth may give about an hour's entertainment to his family without exhausting the cabinet's attractions, while it cannot possibly do any harm, either to the operator or his trusting friends, for it is absolutely safe.

Scrubbs' cloudy ammonia forms a very utilitarian present, but not the less an acceptable one on that account. It is a most refreshing addition to a bath, but it is also in constant daily demand by those who realise its virtues for softening the water in the bed-room ever. Next time you come in heated and weary from cycling or skating, try my favourite "face-wash," when I am in like case. Pour some comfortably hot (not just warm) water into the basin, and add thereto about twenty drops of Scrubbs' ammonia and a teaspoonful of eau-de-Cologne. If you do not find this wonderfully freshening, trust me no more. The special soap made by the firm and bottles of the ammonia are put up together in handsome cases specially for presents.

D R E S S S.

Lace assumes more and yet more decidedly the empire of fashion. It is said that the Queen of the Belgians, moved by the distress amongst her poorer subjects arising from the degree to which imitation lace has superseded the product of the needle and the pillow, has addressed a letter to the other Queens of Europe asking them to decide to

guipure, are unblushingly used in immense quantities by even the wealthy. Yet the prevailing fashion of using lace for all purposes, for trimming furs and thick cloths, as well as evening dresses, allows an opportunity for displaying the real article, by those who possess it, that is largely taken advantage of; and surely nobody supposes that it does not "leap to the eye" whether she is wearing real or the best of imitations! Hence the great houses are now making special shows and holding sales of real laces, and wise women are buying them largely, for as the demand grows the value must rise. Lace is in high and growing fashion, and next season it will be almost essential to the construction of a smart evening dress. It is cruelly cheap just now—cruelly, if one considers the human eyesight and time spent on its construction. And it is a permanent possession, if treated with due respect. So it is a worthy destination for any spare sovereigns that the dress budget may be induced to show.

A few models have been sent from Paris of very fine cloth of light shades made up into evening dresses, and so supple is it and so charming are the colours—all the palest shades seeming to be softer and "toning" better in the artistic folds into which the cloth falls than in even the most amiable of satins—that the new dresses are certainly very attractive. An attempt was made, by the way, a few years ago to introduce these wonderfully fine cloth gowns for Court wear. The Queen heard, through the Mistress of the Robes, that such a dress was likely to put in an appearance at her next Drawing-Room, and she sent a message that she would not allow any such innovation; so that silk, satin, and velvet triumphantly marched into Buckingham Palace, and the cloth went reluctantly into retirement. But the idea has evidently not been lost sight of, and, as a novelty, is now adopted for ordinary smart evening wear. It combines with satin, lace, and fur.

A remarkably smart costume is shown in the illustration of a velvet coat over a cloth skirt embroidered with silver. The long-tailed coat is edged with sable or mink, and lined throughout with white satin, which becomes visible for full admiration in the form of those revers, between which appears embroidered cloth to match the skirt. The coat is held together by cords fastening over jewelled buttons, such as the Parisian Diamond Company have to show you in profusion of charms, and at practical prices. The other gown depicted is of cloth, with revers and panel of velvet, adorned with an appliquéd design in a lighter shade of cloth. This is saved from any suspicion of heaviness by a vest of lace over satin. The hat is trimmed in the front with a velvet rosette, and white wings decorate the crown.

N O T E S.

It may be remembered that the principal House of Convocation recently decided by a majority of one only that women should not be eligible for membership of the new "Church Councils." These bodies are to be in no way connected with the State, but are to be instituted under the patronage of the Archbishops and Bishops by the clergy of such churches as please to avail themselves of the plan. The clergy are each to hold an election by their own communicants of a council of the parishioners, to consult and work with the parish priest in the affairs of the church in the parish. Considering how very largely such work is now carried on by ladies, and that the new councils would have no connection with sacerdotal government but only with lay assistance, it does seem strange that the women who will be called upon to do so large a practical share in carrying into effect the plans of these bodies should be prohibited from taking part in them. The decision is the more anomalous inasmuch as the constitution of these councils requires that churchwardens shall be allowed to sit upon them *ex officio*, and there are a considerable number of lady churchwardens. As the decision to exclude women from the councils was carried in the principal House by a vote of only one, a memorial has been largely signed by prominent churchwomen to the Primate, praying his Grace to take steps for the reconsideration of the question "in order that churchwomen may not be deprived of the parochial rights anciently common to both sexes."

Little has been said about the probable influence of the Empress of Russia upon the beautiful Peace Rescript of her husband, yet there is no doubt that she counted for much in this courageous and well-meaning deliverance. The Empress is a worthy daughter of her mother, our Princess Alice, in her devotion to philanthropic work and her anxiety to assist in improving the condition of mankind, and especially in her sense of duty to those immediately under her charge. The latest way in which this has been shown has been by a note received by our own Local Government Board, through the Foreign Office, from the Russian Embassy, stating that the Empress desires to have plans and photographs of certain of the best class of English Poor-law institutions. The Local Government Board have stated that they consider the Ipswich Infirmary the best typical institution of its kind, and the architect of that building is now engaged in preparing detailed plans to send to her Imperial Majesty.

The statue of Princess Alice erected in Darmstadt, and unveiled by her son and daughter-in-law on Nov. 25, adds another to the comparatively brief list of such public

memorials to illustrious women. There are fifteen statues of Joan of Arc in different parts of France; the beloved nurse, "Sister Dora," is similarly commemorated in the town of Walsall, where she worked while living; Harriet Martineau and Harriet Beecher Stowe have both had statues erected to their memory in America in commemoration of their anti-slavery work; and I am told that in New Orleans there is a similar memorial to a Madame Benzon for her heroic services during a yellow-fever epidemic. But nearly all such visible monuments of public regard that have been raised to women have been to royal personages, and even of these there are few in the world; excluding those of our own Queen, there are scarcely any. Princess Alice, Grand Duchess of Hesse, has been dead twenty years, but much of the good work she initiated is continued, and her memory is still beloved.

Interesting and instructive details are given in connection with the Labour Bureau of the National Union of Women Workers. As is invariably the case in such institutions, very few situations were found for those who sought them. While there were 509 applicants for work registered, only forty-five were placed by the Bureau. But the important and interesting feature was that, as was observed by Miss Bateson, the honorary secretary: "The women whose services were asked for were not the same kind of persons as our applicants." The ladies who came seeking situations almost all desired to be either secretaries, housekeepers, or matrons, while the employers who sought servants wanted cooks, or working housekeepers, or "helps" who were



A CLOTH GOWN.

willing to be such in a true sense. Thus, as the secretary said, "the real work needed is to try and mould women in early youth to the pattern that is acceptable to the world."

But the root of the matter undoubtedly is that many of those who go forth to offer themselves as secretaries and lady housekeepers desire to receive a comfortable maintenance without doing any serious work in return; while those who employ people of any sort want "something for their money." Mrs. Chisholm, who did so much in emigrating women in the early days of the colonising of Australia, used to tell many funny stories of the absolute incompetence of those who offered themselves to her under sounding titles. She was wont to put them through a sort of rough-and-ready examination, and she asked one smart girl who desired to be engaged as a "housekeeper" what ingredients she would need for a beef-steak pudding? "I do not expect to be asked things like that," said the applicant indignant. "Then what do you expect to know how to do?" said Mrs. Chisholm. "I expect," was the reply, "to tell the servant that we will have beef-steak pudding for dinner, and she is to know how to make it." It is to be feared that this notion of the qualifications of a housekeeper is by no means extinct.

FILOMENA.

A VELVET COAT EDGED WITH SABLE.

wear none but real laces for any and every purpose. If by such an influence it could be made "good form" to wear nothing but needle-lace, the increase in the demand would be sufficient to call for more work than the existing generation of lace-makers could possibly supply, for the finer imitations, especially in the coarser makes, such as

ECCLESIASTICAL NOTES.

The price of the *Record* is to be reduced to threepence after the New Year, thus following the example of the *Guardian*. It is stated that the circulation is steadily rising, and it is hoped that at the lower price the *Record* may become increasingly useful at a time of grave anxiety in the Church. The first number of the *Record* was published on Jan. 1, 1828, the paper appearing twice a week. In 1855 it became tri-weekly at threepence a copy. Its shape at that time was described by the *Spectator* as the ideal shape for a paper. Since 1882 it has been a fourpenny weekly. It is now conducted with great ability and moderation by the Rev. A. R. Buckland, preacher at the Foundling.

An immense processional cross is in process of making for St. Paul's Cathedral. The cross, nine feet four inches in height, bears an enamel figure of Our Lord, fourteen inches high. Evangelists say that the processional use of this crucifix will be a distinct act of illegality.

The Rev. the Hon. James Adlerley, preaching at Berkley Chapel, Mayfair, said that Mr. Walsh's book on the Oxford Movement and Lady Warburton's article in the *Nineteenth Century* were not only foolish, but wicked. Some people could never learn, but it was to be hoped that Mr. Walsh's great-grandchildren would realise the Catholic faith.

The Bishops have resolved unanimously that there is to be no reservation of the Sacrament, that there shall be no invocations or prayers to the saints or the Virgin Mary, and that no additional services are to be used save by the express sanction and permission of the Bishop of the diocese. But what is to be done if the clergy refuse obedience?

A writer in the *Record* says that the Communion Service presented by Mr. Hooley to St. Paul's Cathedral should be melted down and sold, now that the Chapter have been enabled to pay Mr. Hooley's trustee the cost.

It is said two of the leaders of the Buddhists in Ceylon are apostate English clergy.

The new Warburton Lecturer who succeeds Dr. Wace is the Rev. Dr. Herbert Ryle.

The church in memory of the late Dean Vaughan is to be commenced forthwith. It is to be erected on a site at Kensal Rise.

Already considerably more than £100,000 have been raised towards the Wesleyan Methodist Million Fund. The greatest enthusiasm is being shown everywhere.

Much interest will be taken in the fact that Mr. A. W. Hutton, Librarian at the National Liberal Club, has accepted a curacy at St. Margaret's, Westminster, under Canon Eytoun. Mr. Hutton, some time after his ordination in the Church of England, joined and subsequently left the Roman Catholic Church. While there he was closely associated with Cardinal Newman in Birmingham. He is a very able and accomplished man, and his sermons will doubtless be heard with interest.

V.

CHESS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Communications for this department should be addressed to the Chess Editor.

H B B (Woolchester).—We must decide against you, as the law is so very clear on the subject.

ADOLF ROSENFELD (Vienna).—On examining your problem again we find you are correct, and we shall have pleasure in publishing the position.

A. FIELD (Newcastle).—We have examined your problems with some care, but we do not think them up to publication standard.

R. ROBERTS (Notting Hill).—White must win. He does not take the Pawn as you suggest, but pushes his own to K 6th, and it cannot be stopped.

F. HEALEY.—Both problems are exceedingly good, and will doubtless afford our solvers both work and pleasure.

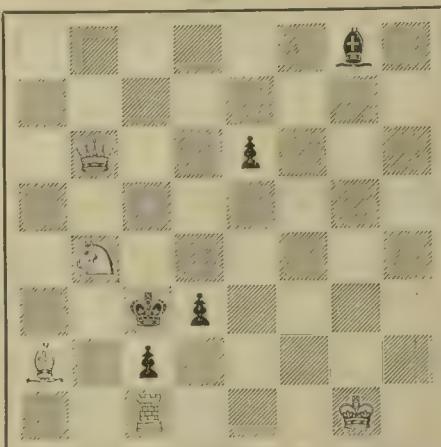
JAMES CLARK (Ch. ster).—Problems to hand, with thanks.

CORRECT SOLUTION OF PROBLEM NO. 2844 received from Hereward: of No. 2845 from Thomas Charlton (Chapman), C Field, jun. (Athol, Mass.), Hereward, R Nugent (Southwold), and W H Lunn (Chesterham); of No. 2846 from Shadforth, Emile Frau (Lyons), F Dalby, and R Brewster (Leeds).

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM NO. 2848 received from B. F. Food (Cheltenham), George Stillingside Johnson (Cobham), R. Brewster (Leeds), Emile Frau (Lyons), Shadforth, J. P. Tucker (Limerick), J. G. Wood (Aberystwyth), Hereward, Edith Cooper (Reigate), Captain Spencer, L. Desanges, F. J. S. (Hampstead), R. Winters (Canterbury), E. G. Boys (Eastbourne), G. Hawkins (Cambridge), J. T. Blakemore (Birmingham), C. E. Perugini, L. Penfold, F. Hooper (Putney), W. d'A. Barnard (Uppingham), Hermit, W. R. B. (Clifton), H. Le Jeune, Edward J. Sharpe, and J. Bailey (Newark).

PROBLEM NO. 2850.—By F. JOHNSTON.

BLACK.



White to play, and mate in three moves.

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM NO. 2840.—By BRIAN HARVEY.

WHITE.

1. B to Q 5th

2. Kt to K 3rd (ch)

3. Mates accordingly.

BLACK.

K takes B

K moves

If Black play 1. K to Q 5th, 2. Kt to K 3rd; if 1. P takes B, 2. Kt to K 5th; if 1. P takes P, 2. Kt to K 6th; and if 1. P to Q K 3rd or 4th; then 2. Kt to K 5th, and mate next move.

CHESS IN AUSTRALIA.

Game played in Adelaide between Messrs. H. CHARLICK and O. HIGGINBOTTOM.

(Remove Black's K B Pawn.)

WHITE (Mr. H.)

1. P to K 4th

2. P to Q 4th

Q Kt to B 3rd

Games at odds of Pawn and two are to

run on, and the game is given off the conduct of the game on

both sides—2. Kt to B 3rd is considered

to be Black's best move, then

White's P to Q 4th, the Knight goes to

K 4th, and can be brought over to

the King's side to defend that position.

3. P to K 5th

White here makes an initial mistake

which largely decides the result of

the game. The move is P to Q 4th,

which will be found to place Black very

much confused at home with his pieces,

an important consideration in this

particular class of odds.

4. P to Q 4th

B to K 3rd

5. Kt to K B 3rd

Q to Q 2nd

6. Q to K B 3rd

Castles Q. R

7. K B to K 3rd

B to B 3th

8. P to Q R 3rd

P to Q 3rd

9. K R to K 3rd

B to Q 3rd

10. K takes Kt

Q takes K

11. Q Kt to B 3rd

P to K R 3rd

12. Kt to K 4th

B to B 3rd

13. B to K 3rd

P to K Kt 4th

14. Kt to K B 3rd

Kt to B 4th

15. Q to Q 2nd

B to K 2nd

16. Castles Q R

B to K 2nd

BLACK (Mr. C.)

17. P to K 4th

Kt takes B

18. Q takes Kt

Q to B 3rd

19. B to B 5th

Kt to K B sq

20. P to K B 3rd

P to K 4th

21. P to K R 3rd

P to K 4th

22. K R to B sq

P to K 4th

23. P takes K

P takes B

24. Kt (Q 2nd) takes K

P to Q 2nd

25. R to Q 2nd

P to Q 4th

26. Q to Q 4th

Q takes P

27. R (B sq) to B 2nd

P to Q 4th

28. K to K 4th

Q takes P

29. P to K 4th

R takes B P

30. R takes R

P takes Q

31. R takes R

R takes R

32. P to Q B 3rd

P takes B

33. Kt (Kt sq) takes P

P takes B

34. R takes P

K to K 2nd

A very strong move, after which

this is an end to the game, in which

Mr. Charlton plays well all through.

35. R to R sq

B to K 4th (ch)

36. K to Q sq

R to K 7th

37. K to K sq

R to K 7th

38. R to B sq

B to R 5th (ch)

39. K to Q sq

Black mates in three moves.

CHESS IN LIVERPOOL.

Game played by the veteran Mr. H. E. Bird in a simultaneous match at the Liverpool Chess Club.

(Centre Gambit.)

WHITE.

(Mr. H. E. Bird.)

1. P to K 4th

P takes P

2. P to K 5th

Kt takes B

3. Kt to K B 3rd

P to Q 4th

4. B to Q B 4th

Kt to Q B 3rd

5. Castles Q. R

Kt to K B 3rd

6. P to Q B 3rd

P to K 5th

7. P to K 5th

Kt takes B

8. P takes Kt

P takes P

9. Q to K 2nd (ch)

Kt to K 4th

10. P takes P

P takes P

11. K takes Kt

Q to K 3rd

12. P to K 4th

Kt takes B

13. P to K 5th

Q to K 3rd

14. K to K 4th

Kt takes B

15. Q to K 4th

R to K 3rd

16. Kt to K 4th

B to K 2nd

17. Black's play at this point is rather too

good. He toads with the Pawn at move

twelve with a view to a counter attack,

and well carried up.

18. Kt takes B

Q takes Kt

19. Q to K 4th

He dare not even venture Q takes R P

because of B to B 4th.

BLACK.

(Mr. H. E. Greig.)

1. P to Q 2nd

Q to K 3rd

2. P to K 4th

R to K sq

3. Q to Q 2nd

B to K 2nd

4. Kt to K 4th

B to K 2nd

5. Black's play at this point is rather too

good. He toads with the Pawn at move

twelve with a view to a counter attack,

and well carried up.

6. P to K 4th

Kt takes B

7. P to K 5th

Q to Q 3rd

8. Q to R B sq

Q to B 4th

9. B to Q 6th

R to B 3rd

10. R to B 5th

B to R 6th

11. R to B 6th

Q to K 6th

12. R to B sq

Q to K 6th

13. R to B sq

Q to K 6th

14. R to B sq

Q to K 6th

15. R to B sq

Q to K 6th

16. R to B sq

Q to K 6th

17. R to B sq

Q to K 6th

18. R to B sq

Q to K 6th

19. R to B sq

Q to K 6th

20. R to B sq

Q to K 6th

21. R to B sq

Q to K 6th

22. R to B sq

Q to K 6th

23. R to B sq

Q to K 6th

24. R to B sq

Q to K 6th

25. R to B sq

Q to K 6th

26. R to B sq

Q to K 6th

27. R to B sq

Q to K 6th

28. R to B sq

Q to K 6th

29. R to B sq

Q to K 6th

30. R to B sq

Q to K 6th

31. R to B sq

Q to K 6th

32. R to B sq

Q to K 6th

33. R to B sq

Q to K 6th

34. R to B sq

Q to K 6th

35. R to B sq

Q to K 6th

36. R to B sq

Q to K 6th

37. R to B sq

Q to K 6th

38. R to B sq

Q to K 6th

39. R to B sq

Q to K 6th

40. R to B sq

Q to K 6th

41. R to B sq

Q to K 6th

42. R to B sq

Q to K 6th

43. R to B sq

Q to K 6th

44. R to B sq

Q to K 6th

45. R to B sq

Q to K 6th</

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WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

The will (dated Nov. 15, 1897), with a codicil (dated Dec. 2 following), of Mr. Edward Burton, J.P., of Eaves Hall, West Bradford, Yorkshire, who died on Sept. 22, was proved in London on Nov. 21 by Edward Burton, the Rev. James Alfred Burton, and the Rev. Oliver Burton, the sons and executors, the value of the estate being £299,333. The testator gives £1000, his household furniture, plate, pictures, etc., and, for life, the income of £45,000, and the use and enjoyment of the Eaves Hall estate, with the rents and profits therefrom, to his wife, Mrs. Emily Burton; £25,000, upon trust, for his daughter Mary Lillian Burton, for life, and then for her children; £250 to his friend Robert Greenall; and legacies to servants. Subject to the life interest of Mrs. Burton, his sons, according to seniority, are to have the option of purchasing the Eaves Hall estate for £15,000, but the purchaser is to settle the same in strict entail. The residue of his property he leaves to his five sons, Edward, Oliver, James Alfred, Frank, and Herbert in equal shares.

The will (dated June 21, 1890), with two codicils (dated May 8, 1895, and June 5, 1896), of Mr. Jacob Quixano Henriques, of 139, Harley Street, who died on Oct. 17, has been proved by David Quixano Henriques, the son, Francis Samuel Samuel, the son-in-law, and Frederick Guttere Henriques, the executors, the value of the estate being £222,748. The testator bequeaths £30,000 each to his daughters, Alice Rachel Henriques and Elizabeth

Waley Henriques; £20,000 each, upon trust, for his daughters, Mrs. Frances Lucy Foi and Mrs. Beatrice Julia Samuels; £25,000 to his son David; £100 each to the West London Synagogue and University College Hospital; £400 for such Jewish and other charities as his daughter Alice may select; his furniture and household effects to his two unmarried daughters; his carriages and horses to his daughter Alice; £100 each and his plate to his children; £100 each to his sons-in-law, Francis Samuel Samuels and Raoul Hector Foi, his daughter-in-law Agnes, and his executor Frederick Guttere Henriques; and a few small legacies. He confirms his marriage settlement, and in fulfilment of the covenant therein he gives £3000 to the trustees thereof. The residue of his property he leaves to his son Edmund Ernest.

Charles, Ivy, and Harold; £10,000, upon trust, for his daughter Mrs. Agnes Ellen Marshall, for life, and then for her three children, Edith, Florence, and Godfrey; £1000 each to his nephews, Maurice Bentall, Frank William Bentall, Arthur Gray Lott, and Norman Lott; an annuity of £100 to his brother, William Rufus Bentall; his household furniture and effects to his son Edmund; an annuity of £100 to his brother-in-law, Thomas Lott, and an additional £50 during the continuance of the trusts of his will; an annuity of £100 to his sister Mrs. Emily Lott, if she should survive her husband, and £50 per annum to his sister-in-law Jane Woodgate, for life. The residue of his property he leaves to his son Edmund Ernest.

The will (dated May 28, 1887), with two codicils (dated Dec. 13, 1894, and March 14, 1898), of Mr. Edward Hammond Bentall, of The Towers, Illeybridge, Maldon, Essex, M.P. for Maldon 1868-74, who died on Aug. 7, was proved on Nov. 19 by Edmund Ernest Bentall, the son, and Thomas Lott, the executors, the value of the estate being £175,503. The testator devises his freehold estate, The Towers, to his son Edmund Ernest, and appoints him sole governing director of E. H. Bentall and Co. He gives £22,000 to his son William Edward; £7000 to his son Theodore Sydney; £18,000, upon trust, for his daughter Mrs. Alice Julia Gray, for life, and then, upon trust, for her eight children, Alice, Nora, Edward, Mabyn, Colin,

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The Blood collects on its numerous journeys to and from the Heart waste matter and débris from all over the Body.

Like all waste matter, this would decompose and decay and breed poison if let alone, so the Liver comes to the rescue and strains these Biliary poisons from the Blood.

The Liver also puts the final touches to the production of grape sugar or dextrose in our bodies from the bread and potato foods we eat.

It is Noticeable that the dextrose sugar the Liver makes is the only kind the Body can utilise to warm us and to furnish motive power for the use of our Limbs.

Then Thirdly, Nature uses the Biliary waste to act as a Purgative to remove waste products, such as undigested food, &c.

Now we can see why the Liver, if deranged, entails upon us so much pain and discomfort.

Bile really means Melancholy. Black Bile in the wrong place destroys the Temper, weakens the Energies, disorders the Nerves and Brain, and lowers the Strength.

The Liver is more frequently upset by the Stomach than by any other cause.

Hence a Vigorous and Healthy Stomach is the first step to an active and Healthy Liver.

That is to say, when the Liver works rightly we do not know we have such an organ, but let it go wrong, and we soon know we have somehow outraged the most important and largest organ of our Body.

We want at once in Liver Disorders to do two things—

1. To stimulate the action of the Liver itself correctly.
2. To so help and aid Digestion that the digestive work is better done, which means, for one thing, that less work is thrown on the Liver to do.

What the Stomach cannot do for us when out of gear, the Liver tries to set right. Within limits, it can and does do this.

But if too much overworked, the Liver strikes, upsets its own functions, and we feel the Disorder in every painful way possible.

The usual Symptoms of Sluggish or Disordered Liver are Constipation, Coated Tongue, Biliousness, and Nausea, particularly on rising in the morning. Severe frontal headache, pain between the Shoulders, and feelings of Faintness. The Appetite is poor, or altogether lost. The Temper is irritable, and there is often Palpitation, Sleeplessness, Weakness, with Nervousness and Low Spirits, verging on Melancholy.

Guy's Tonic has a stimulative power on a Sluggish Liver, and exerts a Tonic and corrective influence in all cases of Disordered Liver.

And while Providing for present benefit, Guy's Tonic attains more lasting good by so strengthening and invigorating the Stomach and its Digestive powers that the Liver is relieved of the overwork that is probably the cause of all the trouble.

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Smith, and Sylvia Carlile Macartney; his furniture and household effects between his brothers and sisters; and specific gifts to relatives. The residue of his property he leaves, upon trust, for his brother, Sydney Parkyns Macartney, for life, and at his death as to three fifths to the children of his brother Carlile Henry Hayes Macartney, and two fifths to the children of his brother Sydney Parkyns Macartney.

The will (dated June 23, 1898) of Sir Charles Frederick Farran, of Stag's End, Hemel Hempstead, Chief Justice of the High Court at Bombay, who died on Sept. 9, was proved on Nov. 21 by Dame Ethel Kate Farran, the widow and sole executrix, the value of the estate being £14,757. The testator bequeaths his household furniture to his wife, and during her widowhood the income of his residuary estate; an annuity of £300 is to take the place of this bequest in the event of re-marriage. The ultimate residuum of his property leaves between all his children in equal shares.

The will (dated May 30, 1888) of Sir Frederick Acclom Milbank, J.P., D.L., of Birmingham Park, Barnard Castle, and Thorp Perrow, Yorkshire, formerly M.P. for the North Riding and Richmond Divisions of Yorkshire,

who died on April 27, was proved on Nov. 18 by Sir Powlett Charles John Milbank, Bart., M.P., the son, and Ralph Dalyell, the executors, the value of the estate being £10,681. The testator leaves all his property to his wife, Dame Alexa Harriett Elizabeth Milbank.

The will and codicil of General John McNeil Walter, C.B., of 17, Clifton Crescent, Folkestone, Colonel of the Royal Sussex Regiment, who died on Oct. 5, were proved on Nov. 18 by Mrs. Claudine Walter, the widow and sole executrix, the value of the estate being £4326.

The Russian Ambassador, Baron de Staal, with his wife and daughter, went on Saturday to visit the Marquis and Marchioness of Salisbury at Hatfield.

A club-house attached to the hall of St. George's Cathedral (Roman Catholic) in Westminster Bridge-Road, Southwark, and intended for the benefit of Roman Catholic working men, was opened on Saturday by the Duke of Norfolk, supported by Lord Russell of Killowen, the Lord Chief Justice.

MUSIC.

It would pass the strength of the most agile and butterfly of critics to keep up with the enormous array of concerts which, last week, players of very various degrees of merit provided for the London public at every available concert-hall in the Metropolis. We can account only for a few out of these innumerable events. On the Monday afternoon at Steinway Hall Mr. Otto Hegner gave the first of three pianoforte recitals. His playing is exceedingly brilliant, and in some work he approaches a very high standard indeed. He played a Bach Chromatic Fantasia and Fugue with wonderful skill and ease, and he showed that the fearless handling of this great master is the best way of proving his modern and enduring vitality. In Beethoven's "Waldstein Sonata" he was, though not so uniformly, quite as successful; while his playing of Schumann's "Fantasiestücke" was in some ways masterly.

On the evening of the same day at the Queen's Hall another Wagner Concert was given under Mr. Henry Wood's admirable direction. His playing of Beethoven's Seventh Symphony on this occasion was, in our opinion, the best thing he has ever done out of an enormous

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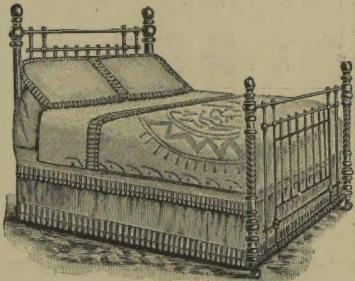
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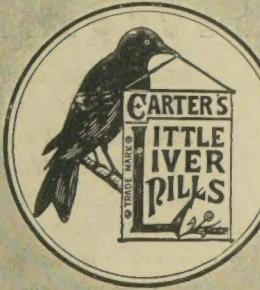
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home. He played among other things the "Eroica Symphony," and though he did not give us the impression of a largely and grandly constructed work, in some special points, in special passages, he was miraculously skilful.

On Saturday afternoon, at the Queen's Hall, Mr. Robert Newman's third Symphony Concert, under Mr. Henry Wood's direction, consisted for the most part of the programme played by the excellent orchestra of this hall at the command performance given at Windsor on the Thursday previous. Mr. Wood and his band were received with extraordinary enthusiasm, partly, no doubt, in recognition of the honour conferred upon them by the Queen, but chiefly, we imagine, as a sympathetic demonstration against the action of the London County Council in suppressing, by its recent decision, Mr. Newman's Sunday Concerts. The last two movements of Tschaikowsky's Pathetic Symphony were beautifully played, and the Wagner extracts—the overture to "Die Meistersinger" and the Vorspiel to "Parsifal," among others—

were exceedingly satisfactory. Miss Lillian Blaufelt sang a Verdi with extreme brilliancy of vocalisation.

At the Hampstead Conservatoire, on the same evening, that admirable musical combination, the Kruse Quartet, gave a further concert of their present series. The opening piece was a Tschaikowsky quartet (op. 11), which was played with great spirit and success. The work is eminently characteristic of its creator, although at the time of its writing he had not reached to quite the emotional depths which he was at a later period destined to fathom. An Arensky trio, in which Mrs. Fischer Sobell took the piano-forte part, was played with dazzling effect. Mr. Kruse of course taking the first violin. Mrs. Fischer Sobell is a very notable artist, with a fine technique, which she never for a moment allows to degenerate into hardness or mere display, though she could, if she would, make a display for its own sake of great finish. The Arensky trio is not worthy of her real powers, but she probably played it as well as it could be played.

An extremely interesting announcement has been made by Sir Frederick Bridge, conductor of the Royal Choral Society, that at the performance of "The Messiah," to be given at the Albert Hall, the additional accompaniments by Mozart will be dispensed with, and the work given with Handel's accompaniments only. The band, considerably augmented, will be divided into concertino and ripieno orchestras, in accordance with the composer's custom. This is an opportunity that none should miss. It should be a most interesting experiment.

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